John Dunton at ye Black Rauen in the Poultrey over against the Stocks Market London ~~~~

T: Cadett Sc

John Dunton at ye Black Rauen in the Poultrey over against the Stocks Market London ~~~~

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Philagathus, sound

THE

INFORMER'S DOOM:

OR, AN

Amazing and Seasonable Letter

FROM

UTOPIA,

Directed to the Man in the

MOON.

Giving a full and pleasant Account of the Arraignment, Tryal, and Condemnation, of all those grand and bitter Enemies, that disturb and molest all Kingdoms and States, throughout the *Christian World.*

To which is added (*as a caution to honest Country-men*) *the Arraignment, Tryal, and Condemnation, of the Knavery and Cheats, that are used in every particular Trade in the City of* LONDON.

Presented to the consideration of all the Tantivy-Lads and Lasses in *UROPE*, by a true Son of the Church of *ENGLAND.*

Curiously Illustrated with about Threescore Cuts.

Entred according to Order.

LONDON, Printed for *John Dunton*, at the *Black-Raven*, in the *Poultrey*, over-against *Stocks-Market*. 1683.

THE
Epiſtle Dedicatory
TO THE
CITIZENS
OF
LONDON.

Gentlemen,

YOu have here preſented to your candid View, a full and impartial Account (with many other remarkable things) of the Arraignment, Tryal, and Condemnation, of all thoſe grand and bitter Enemies, that diſturb all Kingdoms and States, throughout the Chriſtian World, &c. *But the Application and Improvment of them is to be (if you tender your Temporal or Eternal Intereſt) made by you, your ſelves.*

I am not Inſenſible that by the expoſing this Book I ſhall expoſe my ſelf too, to the cenſure of thoſe who take meaſure of every thing by their

tulant humours, and have no other way to ſet off their own barren Inventions, but by perpetual Invectives againſt the multitude of Books which appear every day in the World. Whereas indeed the miſchiefs which they complain of have proceeded not from their number, but quality.

For ſhould every Man write an exact Narrative of the various Experiences and Circumſtances of his Life, comprehending as well his Vices as Vertues, and have them with ſimplicity related, how uſeful would this prove to the publick, tho' it would much increaſe the number of Books, but this ſo impartial an Account may rather be wiſht for than expected, ſince Men have ever preferred their own private Reputation before the real good of themſelves or others.

I have comprized this Treatiſe in an Eighteen Penny Book, (though conſidering the Cuts, it cannot be well afforded ſo) that as it is of real uſe and publick concern, ſo it might be the better diſperſt throughout this Engliſh *Nation.*

I Reſt, Dear Fellow-Citizens,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

PHILAGATHUS.

AN

ACCOUNT

FROM

UTOPIA,

OF

The late Famous and Remarkable *Tryals* of all those *grand* and *bitter Enemies* that disturb and molest all *Kingdoms* and *States* throughout the *Christian World*.

WHen the *Assizes* were in *Utopia*, *Conscience* the *Judge* of that *Country*, (attended on by the *Sheriff*, the *Justices of the Peace*, and such as *necessarily* were to be there) being *seated* on the Bench of *Impartiality*, caused the *Commission* of *Oyer* and *Terminer* to be

Read, for the ſpeedy *Tryal* of all thoſe *grand* and *bitter Enemies* that diſturbed and moleſted that *Country*, and all other *Kingdoms* and *States* throughout the *Chriſtian World*. And the very firſt that was called to the *Bar*, was that *Grand-He-Rogue* Innocent *the XI. Pope of* Rome.

Jayler, ſet *Pope Innocent* the XI. to the Bar.

Pope, Hold up thy Hand.

The Pope *Arraigned and Indicted.*

Pope, Thou art here Indicted by the Name of *Pope Innocent* the XI. of the Famous City of *Rome*, in the Pariſh of *Babylon*; That thou being an illegitimate Son, begotten of *Falſhood*, *Murthers*, *Aſſaſ-*

Aſſaſinations, *Hereſie*, *Paganiſm*, *Judiſm*, haſt by great Violence murder'd the *Territories* of the *Church* of God, and by *Spaniſh Inquiſition*. *bloody Maſſacres*, *ſtabbing*, *poyſoning*, and *killing of Kings*, *Gun-powder Plots*, *Treaſons*, *Rebellions*, and other *helliſh Practices*, *uſurped Authority*; and thruſt upon God's People their *humane Traditions*, *Inventions*, *Superſtitions*, *Will-worſhip*, *Hereſies*, *Jewiſh Ceremonies*, add *Paganiſh Idolatry*, to the *damnation* of many *Chriſtian Souls*, contrary to the Peace of our Soveraign Lord the King, his *Crown* and *Dignity*: What ſayeſt thou hereunto? Art thou guilty, or not guilty?

Not guilty my Lord.

By whom wilt thou be tryed?

By God and the Country.

But (good my Lord) let me have a Jury of my own chooſing. *The Pope's Petition.*

Judge, Becauſe neither thou, nor any of thy *ſlanderous Favourites* may ſay, that thou haſt been proceeded againſt rigorouſly and unjuſtly, without reſpect to the Truth of the Cauſe. I am content to call a Jury of thine approbation, if here we can have ſo many as will make up the number.

I humbly thank you (my good Lord) God reward your Lordſhip for it.

Mr. Sheriff, Impannel a Jury of very ſubſtantial men, the chiefeſt you can find, and fitteſt to go upon this Priſoner now at the Bar.

My Lord, I ſuppoſed, that as he would crave, ſo from your Lordſhips uprightneſs, he ſhould obtain this Favour, therefore have I prepared a full *Jury* to this purpoſe.

It was done wiſely of you (*Mr. Sheriff*) let them be called.

A Jury againſt Pope Innocent.

Cryer, Call in the *Jury*.

1. Call *Common Principles*.

Vous aves *Common principles*.

2. Call *Apoſtles Creed*; Vous aves, *The Creed*.

3. Call *Second Commandment*.

Second Commandment, come in.

My Lord, I cannot get in.

What's the matter?

My Lord (ſaith the Cryer) the *Papiſts* keep him out.

Command to let him in: Vous aves, *the ſecond Commandment*.

4. Call *Pater noſter*: Vous aves, *Pater noſter*.

5. Call *Holy Scriptures*: Vous aves, *Holy Scriptures*.

6. Call the *Apocripha*: Vous aves, *Apocripha*.

7. Call

7. Call *Counſels:* Vous aves, *Counſels.*

8. Call *Ancient Fathers* for the firſt ſix hundred years after Chriſt: Vous aves, *Ancient Fathers.*

9. Call *Contradiction* among themſelves: Vuos aves, *Contradiction.*

10. Call *Abſurdity of Opinion:* Vous aves, *Abſurdity of Opinion.*

11. Call *Conſent of their own men:* Vous *Conſent.*

12. Call *Teſtimony of Martyrs:* Vous aves, *Teſtimony of Martyrs.*

Count, ſaith the Clerk.

Then the Cryer bids them anſwer to their Names.

Common Principles, one; *Creed* two; *Commandments* three; *Pater noſter* four; *Holy Scriptures* five; *Apocrypha*, ſix; *Counſels* ſeven; *Fathers* eight; *Contradiction*, nine; *Abſurdity*, ten; *Conſent of their own men*, eleven; *Teſtimony of Martyrs*, twelve: Good men and true ſtand together, and hear your Charge.

By theſe twelve means the Pope *may be confuted.*

My Lord, here are ſome more ſummoned by Maſter Sheriff's Authority.

Who be they Maſter Sheriff?

Maſter *Law* with his Sons, *Civil*, *Canon*, *Common*, and *Municipal.*

Well, let them attend the Court for

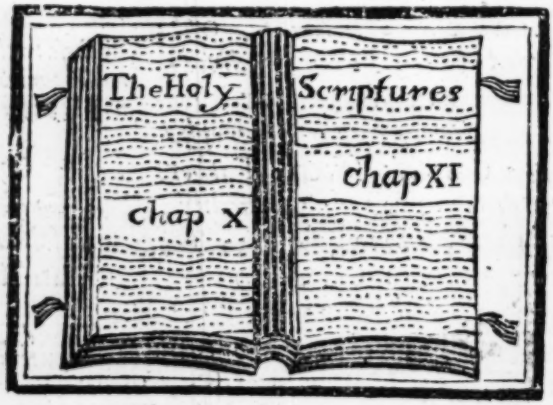
the King's ſervice, for uſe if need be.

Pope, If thou canſt juſtly accept againſt any, I give thee leave to challenge any ſuch of the *Jury*.

Holy Scripture is excepted againſt, for Papiſts *may be confuted by their own Tranſlation.*

Good my Lord, only one of the *Jury* I except againſt, which is *Holy Scripture*, except it be our own *Tranſlation*.

Holy Scriptures excepted againſt by Pope Innocent.



Well, ſaith the *Judge*, I am content it ſhall be ſo, let it be either *Montanus*, or the *Rhemiſt*, or the *Vulgar Edition*; we deſire a juſt

juſt Proceeding with all the indifferency that may be.

Then the Cryer called aloud; If any man can give Evidence, or can ſay any thing againſt the Priſoner at the Bar, let him come in, for he ſtands upon his Deliverance.

Here is my Lord, two worthy Gentlemen, Mr. *Sincerity*, and Mr. *Proteſtant*.

Mr. *Sincerity* and Mr. *Proteſtant* witneſſes againſt *Pope Innocent*. the XI.

Maſter *Sincerity* come near, what can you ſay concerning the Priſoner at the Bar?

My Lord, this I am able to juſtifie: Firſt, That he hath been a *Falſe-teacher* from the beginning, fraught with *Errour* and *Hereſies*, teaching as the *Falſe-teachers* did, ſuch as be recorded in Scripture, if they were paralled together, as the *Doctrine of Devils*, 1 Tim.4.1,2. *Traditions and Commandments of men*, Matth. 1. 52. Mar. 7, 8, 9,33. Col.2.22. *Venial ſins*, Matth.2316,18. *Childrens neglect of Parents for Churches profit*, as they pretended, Matth.15. 5. Mark 7.11. *Superſtitious obſervation in meats and holy days*, Matth.15.11. Col.2. 16. 21. *Laying heavy burthens upon the people*, Luke 11. 46. *Juſtification by works, therewith troubling the Churches*, Gal. 2.18. & 3. 2. & 5.4, 12. *Voluntary Religion, and Will-worſhip*, Col. 2. 4.18.23. *The worſhip of Angels*, Col. 2. 18. *Carnal liberty*, 2 Pet.2.19. *Rev.*2.15.20. And *teaching for filthy lucre*, 2 Tit.11. Thus are they, as were the *falſe Teachers* (as the *Scriptures* in the *New Teſtament* ſet them out) like in all theſe things.

How like they are (my Lord) to after *Hereticks*, learned *Whitaker* in his Book *De Eccleſia*, in the firſt Queſtion, ſheweth in many particulars.

Secondly (my Lord) he hath uſed the very ſame *Practices* which *Falſe-teachers* have uſed; he doth to make way for his Do-

Doctrine, Worſhip, and Advancement, even as they did. They played the *Hypocrites* in outward humility in *lay Prayers* and forms of Devotion, and ſo miſled ſilly Women. They graced their Doctrine with ſhew of *Fore-fathers*. They *took away the Key of Knowledge, and neither would enter into life, nor ſuffer others*. They told the people *old Wives Fables*, and *told Lyes in Hypocriſie*. They uſed ſlights and cunning craftineſs to deceive. They boaſted of their *Learning*, uſing *prophane and vain babling, and oppoſitions of Sciences* as they termed it. They pretended *Revelations, Apoſtolical Traditions*, and alledged *counterfeit Writings*. They had the *Prophetical Women*, and *deceiving Propheteſſes*. They had their *Miracle-workers*, *Caſters out of Devils*, and *Dreamers if Dreams*. They would *ſlander men's perſons*, and the *Doctrine of faithful Teachers*, and *lay to their charge what they could not prove, ſpeaking of them contemptuouſly, and railing on them*. They boaſted to be *the true Church*, and that by *Succeſſion they were of the Fathers*. They would uſe *fair and ſmoothing words*, and *teach with enticing words*, and did ſtrive for *excellency of ſpeech of man's wiſdom to deceive*. When they could not prevail by *fair means*, then they would

ſuborn

ſuborn falſe Witneſſes. They *threatned, beat, impriſoned, baniſhed, and ſlew the faithful Teachers and Chriſtian Believers.* They would plot *Conſpiracies to the ſhedding of blood*, and the *Prieſts* muſt be acquainted herewith before-hand, to encourage them hereto. They would make *open Inſurrections*, and ſtirs up great Perſonages to take part with them. And what *Rebellion, Treaſons, Conſpiracies, Inſurrections*, and *Perſecutions* this *Pope* hath wrought, my Lord Biſhop of *Lincoln*, hath openly diſcovered to the World. And this (my Lord) is not what I could, but what I thought ſufficient to teſtifie at this time, becauſe I would not be tedious.

Mr. *Sincerity*, By this you have uttered, it is eaſie to ſee how this man hath followed, both the *Falſe-teachers* in *Doctrine*, and the *Enemies of the Goſpel* in their *Practices*. If there be any more *Witneſſes*, let them come forth.

Yes, my Lord, here is Mr. *Proteſtant*.

Mr. *Proteſtant*, What is it that you have to ſay againſt this Priſoner at the Bar?

My Lord, I was commanded to be here to Day to give Evidence what I know againſt

gainſt this man; and this I am willing to do for the Service of my Soveraign.

This it is (my Lord) which I have to ſay, That this man with his *Aſſociates*, hath inſtead of *Chriſtian Religion*, ſet up a *Service of Judaiſm and Paganiſm*, which I am able to prove in a multitude of Particulars; but becauſe I am loath to be tedious in my relation, I have brought here with me *Three Books*, that the *Jury* may judge of all the Particulars; or that they may be read before the Priſoner, if your Lordſhip ſhall be pleaſed to have it alſo.

What Books, Mr. *Proteſtant?*

My Lord, One is that, that is called *the Three Conformities* ſet out lately. The other is, *De Origine Papatus*, ſet out by one Doctor *Moriſin*, and Dedicated to his late *Majeſty*: And our third is, our learned Country-man, Doctor *Raynolds*, his *Conference with Hart*, never anſwered by any *Papiſt* to this day; who ſheweth how the *Popiſh Service* is like unto the *Jewiſh* in very many particulars, and wherein they be more *Heatheniſh* than *Jewiſh*.

I am content to have them read, to ſpare your ſpeech, touching *the Jewiſh Service*.

So having been read, the *Judge* yet wiſhed Mr. *Proteſtant* to declare openly, how

how *Pagan*-like the *Pope* is, nay, he is as bad as the Heathenish Idolaters in *Israel* and *Judah* were.

My Lord, I shall (saith Mr. *Protestant*) perform this task with as great brevity as I may; that this Prisoner (if it be possible) may see how wickedly he hath dealt with Mens Souls, to set up instead of Gods Service an Idolatrous, and Pagan-like Worship.

These Pagans set forth *God like a Man*. The Idolatrous *Israelites* had a *Queen of Heaven*; they had *Images* of Gold and Silver, Brass, Iron, Wood and Stone, and some of Clay; some molten, some carved and graven, some portrayed upon Walls, and other Pictures; some were like men, *Lam.* 3. 1. 1 *Sam.* 5. 3, 4. and some like women, *Act.* 19. 27. 2 *Maccab.* 1. 13. 1 *Sam.* 31. 10. some like beasts (like St. *George* and the Dragon) *Exod.* 34. *Wisdom.* 11. 15. They adorned them with silver and gold. *Jer.* 10. 4. and set Crowns upon some of their heads, covering them with costly garments, and of divers colours, *Deut.* 7. 25. *Heb.* 2. 19. *Baruc.* 6. 8. 9, 14, 15 29, 39, 30, 55, 58. *Ezek.* 16. 18. *Aisd.* 13. 14. carrying a Scepter in the hand, or a Dagger, or an Axe, *Baruc.* 6. 14. 15. They set them up with great devotion and solemnity, with musick and

and melody, *Dan.* 3. 3. with ſinging dancing, and other delights, *Exod.* 32. 5. They built Temples for theſe Images, *Joel*, 3. 5. 2 *Maccab.* 1. 13. 15. *Baruch*, 6. 18. which were the houſes of their gods, *Judg.* 17. 4. 1 *Sam.* 5. 2 and called them Sanctuaries, *Iſa.* 16. 12. They had Chappels for them, *Amos*, 7. 12. Yea, they ſet upon tops of hills, 1 *King.* 14. 23. 2 *King.* 17. 10. They had them in private houſes, *Judg.* 17. 18. in Chambers, *Ezek.* 8. 12. and in ſecret places, *Deut.* 17. 15. they had their pleaſant Groves planted, *Jer.* 17. 2. 1 *King.* 14. 23. 2 *Cor.* 15. 16. 2 *King.* 17. 10. They had their ſtanding Pillars and Images, as the Papiſts their Croſſes. *Deut.* 12. 3, & 16. 22. 2 *King.* 17. 10. *Lev.* 16. 1. Theſe were in the head of high-wayes, and ſtreets of Cities, *Ezek.* 16. 31. *Jer.* 11. 13. The multitude were allured by the gorgeous decking of them, *Wis.* 14. 20. & 15. 5, 6. Yea, they doted upon them, *Ezek.* 8. 10, 11. They worſhipped them, bowed unto them, and fell down before them, *Dan.* 13 2. *Iſa.* 44. 7. *Joſ.* 23. 6. They would lift up their eyes unto them, *Ezek.* 33. 25. *Pray* unto them 1 *King.* 18. 26. *Hab.* 2. 16. *Iſa.* 44. 17. *Kiſs them*, *Hoſ.* 13. 2. *King.* 19. 8. ſet up Candles before them, *Baruch.* 6. 19. Make vows on them, *Baruch*, 6. 35. and go Pilgri-

Pilgrimage to ſome of them very far, *Jer.* 51. 44. expecting ſome miraculous cure from the Image, *Baruch*, 6. 41. In entring into their Temples they ſprinkled themſelves with water. Altars they had of ſtone, *Iſa.* 65. 3. They uſed vain repetitions in their prayers, *Matth.* 6. 7. They meaſured their Religion, and goodneſs thereof by plenty, *Jer.* 44. 7. They had their ſacrificing Prieſts, *Act.* 14. 13. and they were ſhaven Prieſts, *Baruch*, 6. 31. 32. Sometimes they were of the baſeſt of the people, 1 *King.* 12 31. whoſoever would, might for money, or for money-worth, make himſelf a Prieſt, 1 *King.* 12. 31. 2 *Chron.* 13. 9. And ſome ſerved for baſe wages, *Judg.* 17. They had their Concubines, *Baruch*, 6. 11. *Hoſ.* 4. 14. Some of them would wear their hair-cloaths, and torment themſelves, 1 *Kings* 18. 26. 28. *Zach.* 13. 4. and of a Devotion in a *Will-worſhip*, macerate their bodies, puniſhing and not ſparing their bodies, *Col.* 2. 23. Their Teachers taught for hire, *Mich.* 3. 11. 2 *Pet.* 2. 13, 15. *Rev.* 2. *Tit.* 1. 11. For gifts, they would promiſe life and peace, *Ezek.* 13. 22. *Jer.* 23. 14, 17 In their ſervice they had variety of muſick, *Dan.* 3. Their ſet holy days, *Exod.* 32. 2 *King.* 13. They had their holy women attending their Idol-ſervice, *Ezek.* 8. *ver.* 14. working for them,

them, 13. 18. 2 *King.* 23. 7. and propheſying lies, *Ezek.* 13. 22. and were great worſhippers of the Queen of Heaven, *Jer.* 7. 18. & 44. 19. They had alſo their ſeveral Gods for their ſeveral Countries, as Papiſts have their Saints, 2 *King.* 17. 29. & 18. 34. They would pray to theſe, and ſwear by them, *Jer.* 57. & 12. 16. *Gen.* 31. 53. 1 *King.* 19, 2. 2 *King.* 17. 35. *Zep.* 1. 5. Some in *Iſrael* which fell to Heatheniſh Idolatry were like Church-Papiſts; for they would worſhip Idols, and yet go to God's Houſe, and hear his Prophets, *Jer.* 7. 8, 10. 2 *King.* 17. 14. *Ezek.* 14. 3, 7, & 20. 1, 31. & 23. 29. When Idolatry was caſt out of the Church (as we have done the Idolatry of *Rome*) the Idolaters would condemn it as an ill act in them, and ſpeaking againſt the ſerving of God aright, as Papiſts do againſt us, 2 *Kings*, 18. 22. They worſhiped towards the Eaſt, *Ezek.* 8. 16. They were very ſuperſtitious, *Acts* 19. They lived in very groſs ignorance of the Truth, and in liberty of ſinning, *Iſa.* 44. 18, 19. & 45. 29. *Eph.* 4. 18, 19. *Wiſd.* 14. 15, 16, 17. They worſhipped they knew not what, *John* 4. 22. Their *Feſtivals* after their Idol Service they ſpent in Eating, Drinking, Singing, Dancing, *Exod.* 32. 6, 18, 19. They had their Revellings and Meetings, full of Exceſs

and

and Riot, 1 *Pet.* 4. 3. And wonder at, and ſpeak ill of ſuch as would not be like them. They had *Brothel-houſes*, *Ezek.* 16. 24. 2 *Kings* 23. 17. 1 *Kings* 15. 12, 13. & 14. 24. & 22. 26. They had amongſt them *Conjurers*, *Wizards*, *Charmers*, *Obſervers of times*, *South-ſayers*, *Aſtrologers*, *Star-gazers*, and ſuch like. To theſe the People reſorted and conſulted with, 2 *Kings* 21. 6. 1 *Sam.* 5. 2. 1 *Chron.* 10. 13. *Heſt.* 37. & 9. 24. *Deut.* 18. 14. *Iſa.* 19. 3. & 47. 12. 13 *Hoſ.* 4. 12. *Ezek.* 21. 21. *Jer.* 8. 17. *Act.* 8. 10. They ſacrificed to Nets, and burnt incenſe to Drags, *Hab.* 1. 16. They believed that ſome of their Images were approved of their great God from Heaven, *Act.* 15. 35. They were cruel and bloodily minded againſt all that were againſt their Idolatry, *Hoſ.* 10. 14. & 13. 16. 2 *King.* 21. 15, 16. *Judg.* 6. 30. 2 *Chr.* 24. 18. 21. The Idolaters in *Iſrael* and *Judah* brought in the Heathen, as Gods plague upon them, to puniſh them for their Idolatry, 2 *Chro.* 24. 23. & 21. 16, 17. & 33. 11. & 30. 6, 10, 17. *King.* 17. 18. as the Papiſts have brought the *Turks* upon the Chriſtian World by their Imagery and Idolatry, *Revelations*, 9. They were ſtupid, and without underſtanding in their Idol-making, and in ſetting them up to worſhip them, *Iſa.* 44. 14, 20. and ſo continued therein obſtinate,

ſtinate, as the Papiſts do. And thus have I ſhewed what I can ſay (my Lord) touching the Heatheniſh Idolaters and their practices.

Your evidence is ſo clear (Mr. *Proteſtant*) as hereby all may ſee how Pagan-like the *Pope* is in his Imagery, Prieſts and Temples. Is there any further Evidence?

Then ſtands up Mr. *Atturney General*; and did prove him to be guilty of high Treaſon, both againſt the Perſon and the Laws of his Sovereign. My Lord (ſaith he) this Fellow under pretence of Religion (for all muſt be covered with this ſhadow) hath ſet up another ſpiritual *Head* over the Church, beſides Chriſt (even Antichriſt his greateſt enemy (as is ſufficiently proved. He hath ſet up alſo *Mediators of Interceſſion* beſides Chriſt; alſo in his rebellious pride of heart he hath exalted *Man's merit*, & made him a party Saviour of himſelf, by ſatisfactory puniſhments, either here, or in thrir feigned Purgatory. Thus is he a Rebel, and an Abettor of Rebels againſt Chriſt.

Again, the Law of Chriſt (the *holy Scripture*) he hath notoriouſly corrupted, and abuſed many ways.

1. He maketh it *no perfect rule.*

2. He teacheth blaſphemouſly that the *Original is corrupt*, and ſo ſhaketh the Faith

of all ſuch as reſt on the *Scriptures*.

3. He hath added to them *Man's Writings*, called *Apocrypha*, to make them *Canonical*.

4. He hath feigned a *Traditional word*, and equalleth the ſame with the *Scriptures*.

5. He debarred for a long time the *Tranſlating of God's Word* into a *known Tongue*, to keep the people from the underſtanding thereof.

6. Being enforced at length to *tranſlate* it, he hath of purpoſe done it *corruptly*, and with many *uncouth* and *obſcure words*, hath hidden the *Truth ſtill*, to keep the people in *blindneſs*.

7. Yet this their ſo *corrupt* and *obſcure Tranſlation* is not admitted *indifferently to all*, but *to ſome*, and to thoſe under *licenſe*, for which they pay money.

8. Theſe Parties, though they may read the *Scriptures*, yet muſt it be with the *Popes Spectacles*, and may not ſee farther than the *Falſe-teacher* pleaſeth, nor *conceive otherwiſe* of the *ſenſe*, than he *ſuggeſteth*, though the *Text* be never ſo *clear* of it ſelf.

9. He doth *blaſphemouſly* publiſh, that the *Scriptures are a Noſe of Wax, a dead letter, ſowterly Ink; dumb Judges, and a black Goſpel,*

Inkie

Inkie Divinity; and may have *one ſenſe* one time, and another at *another time*, according to the *Churches ſtate and condition.*

10. They ſet up a *corrupt Latine Tranſlation*; far as *authentical* as the *Originals* in the *Hebrew* and the *Greek.*

11. And laſtly, He brought into the *Church* inſtead of the *Holy Bible*, a *Book of Lyes* to be read. Thus is the wicked Wretch guilty of *High-treaſon* againſt our Soveraign.

Beſides that, He hath counterfeited his Majeſty's *broad Seal*, inventing *new Sacraments*, never of *Chriſt's Inſtitution*; and hath conſpired and plotted the Death of innumerable multitude of his Majeſty's Subjects in a moſt cruel and bloody manner: My Lord, he is no way longer to be endured; for we ſhall never be at peace, as long as he may have liberty to *live*, for he is a *rank Traytor* to our King and State, and Underminer of *Religion*, and the *true Church of Chriſt*, and an Enemy to our *Peace* and *Welfare* in the Commonwealth.

Gentlemen (ſaith the *Judge*) you of the *Jury* have heard Mr. *Attorneys* Witneſs; alſo what both Mr. *Sincerity*, and Mr. *Proteſtant* have ſpoken againſt him: Now that you have heard the Evidence ſo fully, what ſay you touching the Priſoner, Is he guilty or no?

Then the *Fore-man* in the Name of all the reſt, anſwereth, Guilty, my Lord.

Whereupon the *Judge* turneth to the Priſoner, and ſaith, *Pope Innocent*, thou heareſt what *grievous Iniquities*, *foul and filthy Abominations*, *Murthers* and *Maſſacres* have been laid to thy charge; thou haſt heard the *Verdict* of theſe ſo learned and well-approved *Gentlemen*, choſen without all partiality to go upon thee: And they in their Judgments, upon their Conſciences, have found thee Guilty, what canſt thou ſay for thy ſelf, that Sentence of Death ſhould not be pronounced againſt thee?

My Lord, the *Jury* aſſuredly is corrupted by ſome means or other, elſe would they never have found me guilty; for our learned men have cited many of theſe in my behalf, and therefore I appeal from them to a *General Council*, for the *tryal* of their Honeſty in this *Verdict*.

Upon this lewd *Surmiſe*, and brazen-faced *Accuſation*, all the *Jury* fell a murmuring, being much grieved to be taxed of *Faithleſneſs* and *Perjury*. So the worſhipful Gentlemen, the *Juſtices* and Mr. *Sheriff* began to ſpeak in their behalf, but the *Judge* ſtanding up, ſtayed them, and made anſwer for them.

Judge

Judge, To be brief with thee, Thou art ſhameleſly impudent to accuſe theſe worthy *Gentlemen*, for juſtly proceeding according to the clear Evidence to thy face. For thy learned men, they have onely cited the Names of ſome of theſe, but without their knowledge or conſent. Yea, many Teſtimonies they bring under their Names, which indeed are proved to be Counterfeits, abuſing their unadviſed *Readers* in their unjuſt defence of thee. As for thy *Appeal* to a *General Council*, it is but to ſet a good face upon an ill Cauſe; for thou knoweſt that we have long deſired a *Free General Council*? but not a gathering together, like the lewd *Convention* of *Trent*.

But art thou not aſhamed to conceit the bringing of theſe mens verdict to the tryal? we muſt by them be tried, and not they by us. But what canſt thou try the *Principles of Religion?* Wilt thou deny them? Muſt *Fathers*, *Councils*, *Scriptures*, and all be brought under our judgments? Thou hadſt no cauſe to tax the Jury, if any had been in fault, it ſhould have been the Witneſſes; but canſt thou tax Mr. *Sincerity* of lying, or Mr. *Proteſtant* of falſhood? As for Mr. *Attorney*, his ſpeech is no more than your own words, writings, and practice do teſtifie.

Hear therefore thy Sentence, juſtly deſerved before God and men.

Judge, Thou haſt been Indicted by the Name of *Pope Innocent*, of all theſe former Treaſons, Rebellions, Conſpiracies, Gunpowder-plots, Murthers, Maſſacres, Falſehoods, Hereſies, Judaiſm, and Paganiſm, and of that thy deteſtable Idolatry; and for the ſame haſt been arraigned: Thou haſt pleaded *Not guilty*, haſt put thy ſelf upon the Tryal, and being found guilty, having no more to ſay for thy ſelf, this is the Law.

That thou the *Maſter of Iniquity*, with the old *Serpent*, called the *Devil*, or *Satan*, thy Father with thy lewd Mother that great *Whore*, drunk with the blood of the *Martyrs of Jeſus*, which ſitteth upon a Scarlet couloured Beaſt; as alſo with that falſe Prophet, *the Son of Perdition*, thy Guide and Governour, ſhall be caſt alive where the *Dragon* is, into the *Lake of Fire*, burning with Brimſtone; there to be tormented with all the marked Ones in the preſence of the holy Angels, and in the preſence of the Lamb, without reſt day and night, the ſmoak of which Torment ſhall aſcend up for ever and for ever, without mercy or hope of redemption.

And

And ſo Orders came to the *Jayler*, that he ſhould be Executed out of hand.

The Execution of Pope Innocent *the XI.*

And ſo the Judge and Court commanded Mr. *Implacable* a Juſtice of the Peace in *Utopia* to be ſet to the Bar.

Jayler, Set Juſtice *Implacable* to the Bar.

Juſtice Implacable *holds up his hand to the Bar.*

His Indictment.

Judge, *Juſtice Implacable*, Thou art here Indicted by the Name of *Juſtice Implacable*, In the Pariſh of *Goodneſs-ſpight*; for that perniciouſly and ſinfully thou haſt maintained and aſſerted, That no Moderation ought to be ſhewed to them that differ from thee, in thoſe things which thou thy ſelf calleſt *Indifferent*, and this thou haſt done in contempt of that *Sacred Word*, which ſays, *Let your moderation be ſhewn unto all men.* And alſo, that thou art a man of no *good Principles*, but a perfect hater of all *Pious men*, be they of what Perſwaſion

ſwaſion they will. And alſo, that thou makeſt daily Commotions and Diviſions where ever thou comeſt.

Implacable's Anſwer.

Then *Implacable* anſwered and ſaid, That he was in no reſpect guilty of thoſe Crimes that were laid to his Charge: And ſaid, As for *Diſturbances* I make none, being my ſelf a man of *Peace*, and therefore I deſie any man for what he can do againſt me; I fear not *Belzebub* himſelf, no nor all the raging-roaring Devils in Hell.

Proclamation was made.

Then *Proclamation* was made, That they that had ought to ſay for the Lord the King againſt the Priſoner at the Bar, ſhould forthwith appear and give in their Evidence; ſo there came in three Witneſſes, Mr. *Moderation*, Mr. *Heal-breach*, and Mr. *Quiet*. They were then asked, if they knew the Priſoner at the Bar, and what they had to ſay for their *Lord the King* againſt him.

Moderation

Moderation begins.

Then ſtood forth Mr. *Moderation*, and ſaid to this effect,

My Lord, I have known this man a long time, and will atteſt upon my *Oath* before this *Honourable Bench*, That he is———

Judge, Hold, give him his *Oath*; ſo they ſwore him: Then he ſaid, My *Lord*. This man, not withſtanding what he hath ſaid, is a wicked Fellow; nay, his very Name ſhews him to be ſo, he is, as I can call in ſeveral Neighbours to atteſt, one of the vileſt men in our Country, he neither regardeth Prince nor People, Law nor Goſpel, Civility nor Cuſtom; but doth all that he came to poſſeſs all men with certain of his *diſloyal Notions*; and in particular, I heard him once my ſelf affirm, that the true *Religion* was *diametrically o poſite* to his *daily practice*: By which ſaying, my *Lord*, he doth at once not only condem all laudable Things, but us in the doing of them.

Judge, Then did the *Judge* ſay to him, Haſt thou any more to ſay.

Moderation, My *Lord*, I could ſay much more, only I would not be tedious to the Court; yet, if need be, when the other Gentlemen have given in their Evidence, rather

rather than any thing ſhall be wanting that will diſpatch him, I will enlarge my *Teſtimony* againſt him: So he was bid ſtand by. Then they called Mr. *Heal-breach*, and bid him look upon the Priſoner: They alſo asked, What he could ſay for their Lord the King againſt him? Then they ſware him; ſo he began.

Mr. *Heal-breach*, My *Lord*, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I deſire to have farther knowledge of him; However this I know, That he is a very peſtilent Fellow, from ſome diſcourſe that the other day I had with him in this *Town*; for then talking with him, I heard him ſay, That our Religion was naught, and ſuch by which a man could by no means pleaſe God: which ſaying of his, my *Lord*, your Lordſhip very well knows, what neceſſarily thence will follow; to wit, That we ſtill do worſhip in vain, are yet in our ſins, and finally ſhall be damned. And my *Lord*, he cannot endure a faithful Miniſter in his *Pariſh*. and to be ſure, if he knows where ſuch an one preaches, he forthwith ſends for a *Conſtable*, commanding of him to take him and carry him away to Priſon. And my *Lord*, heee ſtands Mr. *Conſtable* ready to atteſt what I now ſay.

Mr. Con-

Mr. Conſtable *ready to atteſt againſt Juſtice* Implacable.

Then was Mr. *Quiet* ſworn, and bid ſay what he knew, in behalf of the Lord the King, againſt the Priſoner at the Bar.

Mr. *Quiets* Teſtimony.

Mr. *Quiet*, My Lord and you Gentlemen all, This Fellow I have known of a long time, and have heard him ſpeak things that ought not to be ſpoke. He rails daily againſt Mr. *Belief*, Mr. *True-heart*, Mr. *Upright*, Mr. *Hatebad*, Mr. *Love-God*, Mr. *See Truth*, Mr. *Moderate*, Mr. *Good-work*, Mr. *Humble*, Mr. *Serioufneſs*, and againſt all that

that are friends to theſe worthy perſons. And he hath ſaid moreover, That if all men were of his mind, if poſſible, there is not one of theſe Gentlemen ſhould have any longer a being in this Town; Beſides he hath not been afraid to rail on you my Lord,, who are now appointed to be his *Judge*, calling you an ungodly Villain, with many other ſuch like villifying terms, with which he hath beſpattered moſt of the Gentry of our Town.

When Mr. *Quiet* had told his Tale, the *Judge* directed his Speech to the Priſoner at the Bar; ſaying, *Thou Runnagate*, *Heretick*, and *Traytor*, haſt thou heard what theſe honeſt Gentlemen have witneſſed againſt thee?

Implacable, *May I ſpeak a few words in my own defence?*

Jude, Sirrah, Sirrah, Thou deſerveſt to live no longer, but to be ſlain immediately upon the place; yet that all men may ſee our Gentleneſs towards thee, though thou art violent towards others; Let us hear what thou vile Runnagate haſt to ſay.

Implacable's *laſt Speech.*

My Lord, I muſt confeſs that I am not altogether free from breaking the *Laws*, from

from *Violence* and *Paſſion*; but yet, good my Lord, for this once, ſave my life, but if you will not, *the Lord have mercy upon my Soul.*

The Judges Speech to the Jury.

Then the *Judge* called to the *Jury* (who all this while ſtood by, to hear and obſerve;) Gentlemen of the *Jury*, you ſee this man about whom ſo great an uproar hath been made in this Town; you have alſo heard what theſe worthy Gentlemen have witneſſed againſt him; alſo you have heard his Reply and Confeſſion: It lieth now in your breaſt to hang him, or ſave his life, therefore do as yout judge meet.

As ſoon as ever the *Judge* had ended his Speech to the *Jury*, Mr. *Huff* a Corporal came into the Court, and ſaid, That if his Lordſhip pleaſed to hear his Evidence, he had much to ſay for the Priſoner at the Bar.

Mr.

Mr. Huff *a Corporal takes* Implacable's *part.*

But the *Judge* told him, That he lookt like a ſwaggering Fellow, and therefore he and the *Jury* ſhould give no credit to what he ſaid.

Then went the *Jury* out, whoſe Names were, Mr. *Love-good*, Mr. *Patience*, Mr. *Hate-luſt*, Mr. *Live-well*, Mr. *Low-mind*, Mr. *Hate-lyes*, Mr. *Love-light*, Mr. *Heavenly-mind*, Mr. *Zealous for God*, Mr. *Meek-heart*, Mr. *Piety*, Mr. *Fidelity:* And every one gave in his private Verdict againſt him among themſelves, and afterwards unanimouſly concluded to bring him in guilty before the *Judge*. And firſt among themſelves,

ſelves, Mr. *Love-good* the Foreman, ſaid, *I ſee clearly that this man is an Heretick.* Then ſaid Mr. *Patience*, *Away with ſuch a Fellow from the Earth.* *Ay*, ſaid Mr. *Hate-luſt*, *for I hate the very looks of him.* Then ſaid Mr. *Live-well*, *I could never endure him.* *Nor I* ſaid Mr. *Low-mind*, *for he would always be condemning my way.* *Hang him*, *hang him*, ſaid Mr. Hate-lyes. *A ſorry Scrub*, ſaid Mr. Love-light. *My heart riſeth againſt him*, ſaid Mr. Heavenly-mind. *He is a Rogue*, ſaid Mr. Zeal for God. *Hanging is too good for him*, ſaid Mr. Meek-heart. *Let's diſpatch him out of the way*, ſaid Mr. Piety. Then ſaid Mr. Fidelity, *Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death.*

A Spy ſet a work by Mr. Implacable.

Beſides

Beſides, yonder ſtands a Spy, one that he ſet to watch *Sincere Chriſtians*, for fear they ſhould *ſerve God*, and he not having timely notice to diſturb them, that can tell more of his Tricks; but we have enough againſt him without his Evidence.

And ſo he was preſently condemned, to be had from the place where he was, to the place from whence he came, and there to be hanged.

They therefore brought him out to be hanged. Thus came *Implacable* to his end.

And 'twas obſerved by ſome, that there ſtood a Chariot and a couple of Horſes behind the rejoycing multitude that went to ſee *Implacable* hanged) to poſt away his Soul to Hell.

Mr. Implacable *poſting to Hell.*

As ſoon as ever his body was dead, they opened it, and found in his belly *twelve Informers*, whoſe Names were as followeth; *Viz.* Mr. *No-good*, Mr. *Malice*, Mr. *Love-lack*, Mr. *Live-looſe*, Mr. *Heady*, Mr. *High-mind*, Mr. *Enmity*, Mr. *Lyar*, Mr. *Cruelty*, Mr. *Hate-light*, Mr. *Falſity*, and Mr. *Uncharitable*. And in his *Heart* they found (to their greater amazement) Mr. *Hot-ſpur* the Conſtaſtble, Mr. *Envy-good* the chief Informer in *Utopia*, and Mr. *Violence* an Headborough (one that was Brother to Mr. *Implacable* the Juſtice) whoſe Tryals follow next in order. So *Mr. Hot-ſpur* was firſt ſet to the Bar.

Mr. Hot-ſpur *the Conſtable holding up his hand at the Bar.*

The

Then ſaid the Clerk,

Hot-ſpur, Hold up thy hand, Thou art indicted by the name of *Hot-ſpur*, For that thou haſt wickedly taught and maintained that there is no God, and ſo no heed to be taken to *ſerious Religion. This thou haſt done againſt the being, honour, and glory of the King, and againſt the peace and ſafety of the Kingdom.* What ſayeſt thou? *Art thou guilty of this* Indictment, *or not?*

Hot-ſpur, Not guilty.

Cryer, *Call Mr.* Honeſty, *Mr.* Vouch-truth, *and Mr.* Hate-rogue *into the Court.*

So they were called, and they appeared.

Clerk, Then ſaid the Clerk, *You the Witneſſes for the King, look upon the Priſoner at the Bar, Do you know him?*

Mr. Honeſty *giving in his Teſtimony.*

Then ſaid Maſter *Honeſty*, Yes, my Lord, we know him, his name is *Hot-ſpur*, he has been a very peſtilent Fellow for many years in this Country.

Clerk, *You are ſure you know him?*

Honeſty, Know him! Yes, my Lord, I have heretofore too often been in his company, to be at this time *ignorant* of him. He is a *Tantivy Hot-ſpur*, the Son of a *Tantivy Hot-ſpur*, I knew his Grandfather, and his Father, his Brethren, and his Siſters.

Clerk, Well ſaid, *He ſtandeth here indicted by the name of* Hot-ſpur, &c. *and is charged, that he hath maintained and taught that there is no God, and ſo no heed need be taken to any Religion: What ſay you the Kings Witneſſes, to this? is he guilty or not?*

Honeſty. My Lord, I and he were once in *Villains-Lane* together, and he at that time did briskly talk of divers Opinions, and then and there I heard him ſay, That for his part he did believe that there was no God. But, ſaid he, I can profeſs one, and be Religious too, if the company I am in, and the circumſtances of other things, ſaid he, ſhall put me upon it.

Clerk. *You are ſure you heard him ſay thus.*

Vouch-Truth. Upon mine Oath, I heard him ſay thus.

Then

Then ſaid the Clerk, Mr. *Vouch-Truth*, *What ſay you to the Kings Judges, touching the Priſoner at the Bar?*

Mr. Vouch-Truth, *giving in his Teſtimony.*

Vouch-Truth. My Lord, I formerly was a great Companion of his, (for the which I now repent me) and I have often heard him ſay, and that with great ſtomachfulneſs, that he believed there was neither God, Angel, nor Spirit.

Cler. *Where did you hear him ſay ſo?*

Vouch-Truth. In *Blackmouth-lane*, and *Blaſphemers-row*, and in many other places beſides, in the County of *Utopia.*

Cler. *Have you much knowledge of him?*

Vouch-Truth. I know him to be a Raſcal, the Son of a Raſcal, and an horrible Man, to deny a Deity; his Fathers Name was *Never be good*, and he had more Children than this *Hot-ſpur*. I have no more to ſay.

Clerk. *Mr.* Hate-Rogue, *look upon the Priſoner at the Bar, do you know him?*

Hate-Rogue. My Lord, this *Hot-ſpur* is one of the vileſt wretches that ever I came near, or had to do with in my Life. I have heard him ſay that there is no God, I have heard him ſay that there is no World to come, no Sin, nor Puniſhment hereafter: and moreover, I have heard him ſay, That 'twas as good to go to a Whore-houſe, as to go and hear a Sermon in a Meeting-houſe.

Clerk. *Where did you hear him ſay theſe things?*

Hate-Rogue. In *Drunkards-row*, juſt at *Raſcal-Lanes-end*, at a houſe in which Mr. *Impiety* lived. Beſides, he doth Devilliſhly and Trayterouſly practice evil things, and ſay filthy words: He ſays it is lawful and profitable to a Man to give way to his Carnal deſires, and that for his part, he never will deny himſelf of any ſinful delight, as long as his Name is *Hot-ſpur*.

Mr.

Mr. *Hotſpur pleading on his Knees.*

Then ſaid Mr. *Hot-ſpur*, being on his Knees, My Lord, I am a Man of high birth, and have been uſed to pleaſures and paſtimes of greatneſs. I have not been wont to be ſnub'd for my doings, but have been left to follow my will as if it were Law. And it ſeems ſtrange to me that I ſhould this day be called into Queſtion for that, that not only I, but many Men, do either ſecretly or openly countenance.

Cler. *Sir, we concern not our ſelves with your greatneſs (for the higher, the better you ſhould have been) but we are concerned, and ſo are you now, about an Indictment prefer-*

red againſt you. How ſay you, are you guilty of it, or not?

Hot-ſpur. Not guilty.

Clerk. *Cryer, call up more Witneſſes to ſtand forth, and give their Evidence.*

Cryer. Gentlemen, you the reſt of the Witneſſes for the King, come in and give in your Evidence for Our Lord the King, againſt the Priſoner at the Bar.

Mr. *Well-doe giving in his Teſtimony at the Bar.*

Clerk. *Come Mr.* Well-doe, *look upon the Priſoner at the Bar, do you know him?*

Well-do. Yes, my Lord, I know him.

Clerk. *What's his Name?*

Well-do,

Well-do His name is *Hotſpur*, he was the Son of one *Beaſtly*, and his Mother bare him in *Fleſh-ſtreet*; ſhe was one *Evil-concupiſcences* Daughter. I knew all the Generation of them.

Cler. *Well ſaid, You have here heard his Indictment, what ſay you to it, is he guilty of thoſe things charged againſt him, or no?*

Well-do, My Lord, he has as he ſaith, been a great man indeed; and greater in Wickedneſs than by Pedigree, more than a thouſand-fold.

Cler. *But what do you know of his particular Actions. and eſpecially with reference to his Indictment?*

Well-do, I know him to be a Swearer, a Lyer, a Sabbath-breaker; I know him to be a Fornicator, and an unclean Perſon; I know him to be guilty of abundance of Evils. He has been to my knowledge a very filthy man.

Cler. *But where did he uſe to commit his wickedneſs, in ſome private corners, or was he more open and ſhameleſs?*

Well-do, All the Town over, my Lord.

Cler. Come Mr. *Good-deed*, what have you to ſay for our Lord the King againſt the Priſoner at the Bar?

Good-deed, My Lord, all that the firſt Witneſs has ſaid I know to be true, and a great deal more beſides.

Cler.

Cler. Mr. *Hot-ſpur.* do you hear what theſe three other Gentlemen ſay?

Hot-ſpur, I was ever of Opinion that the happieſt life that a man could live on earth, was to keep himſelf from nothing that he deſired in the World, and Idefie them all.

Several Conſtables ruſh in to reſcue Mr. Hot-ſpur

As ſoon as he had ſaid ſo, he calls ſeveral other Conſtables, for his reſcue perceving, it would go ill on his ſide, but they were kept out o'th' Court.

Court. Then ſaid the Court, *There hath proceeded enough from his own mouth to lay him open to condemnation, wherefore ſet him by* Jayler, *and ſet Mr.* Envy-good *the chief* Informer *in this Country to the Bar.*

Envy-

Envy-good ſet to the Bar.

Cler. Mr. Envy-good, *Thou art here Indicted by the name of* Mr. Envy-good *(an Informer in* Utopia *) for that thou doeſt wickedly, illegaly, and unſeaſonably, diſturb all good men, where they live; and doſt inſtigate others to do the ſame; and wilt ſooner inform againſt a good Preacher than a Bawdy-houſe, a Drunkard, or a Swearer.*

Then ſaid *Envy-good*, I am guilty of no ſuch thing, what I do I do out of Conſcience.

Court. Then ſaid the Court, the man as you ſee is incorrigible, he is for maintaining

ing his Villanies by ſtoutneſs of words, and his Rebellion with impudent confidence.

Then ſaid *Envy-good*, Gentlemen, and at this time my Judges, as to the Indictment by which I ſtand of ſeveral Crimes accuſed before you; pray attribute my Crimes to mine Age, and not to my wilfulneſs; to the crazineſs of my Brain, and not to the careleſneſs of my Mind, and then I hope I may by your charity, be excuſed from great puniſhment, though I be guilty.

Then ſaid the Court, *Thy Crimes were not ſimply of frailty, but of purpoſe, and for that thou didſt loath to keep vertuous things in thy mind. What was bad thou couldeſt retain, but what was good thou couldſt not abide to think of, thy Age therefore, and thy pretended Crazineſs, thou makeſt uſe of to blind the Court withal, and as a cloak to cover thy Knavery. But let us hear what the Witneſſes have to ſay for the King againſt the Priſoner at the Bar, is he guilty of this Indictment or no?*

Mr. *Integrity*, My Lord, I have heard this *Envy-good*, the *Informer*, ſay, That he could never abide to think of goodneſs, no not for a quarter of an hour and he lives next door to the Sign of the *Conſcience ſeared with an hot Iron.*

Cler. Mr. *Peaceable*, what can you ſay for

for our Lord the King, againſt the Priſoner at the Bar?

My Lord, I know this man well, he is a Knave, the ſon of a Knave; he is the ſcum and froth of the Earth, and a perfect runnagate; his Fathers name was *Love-bad*, and as for him I have often heard him ſay, that he counted the very thoughts of goodneſs the moſt burdenſome thing in the World.

Clerk. *Where have you heard him ſay theſe words?*

Mr. *Peaceable.* In *Fleſh-lane*, right oppoſite to the Church.

Then ſaid the Clerk, *Come* Mr. *Love the Peace, give in your Evidence concerning the Priſoner at the Bar, about that for which he ſtands here, indicted before this honourable Court.*

Love the Peace, My Lord, I have heard him often ſay, he had rather think of the vileſt thing, than of what is contained in the Holy Scriptures.

Clerk. Where did you hear him ſay ſuch grievous words?

Love the Peace, Where I in a great many places; particularly in *Nauſeous ſtreet*, in the houſe of one *Shameleſs*, and in *Filth-lane*, at the ſign of the *Reprobate*, next door to the *Deſcent into the pit.*

Envy-

Envy-good, My Lord, I never knew what remorſe or ſorrow meant in all my life; I am impenetrable, I care for no man, nor can I be pierced with Mens Griefs, their Groans will not enter into my heart; whomever I miſchief, whomever I wrong, to me it is muſick, when to others mourning, therefore 'tis that I love, not the Scriptures, therefore pray my Lord acquit me.

A Ghoſt appears to Mr. Envy-good *publickly.*

As he was thus ſpeaking, an affrighting Ghoſt appears to him in the Court, and ſays that Hell groaned for him, and guilty he was

But Gentlemen, and you now appointed to

to be my Judges, I deny that my name is *Envy-good*, and if your Honours ſhall pleaſe to ſend for any that do intimately know me, or for the Midwife that laid my Mother of me, or for the Goſſips that was at my Chriſtning, they will any, or all of them, prove that my name is not *Envy-good*. Wherefore I cannot plead to this Indictment, for as much as my name is not incerted therein, and as is my true name, ſo alſo are my conditions. I was always a man that loved to live at quiet, and what I loved my ſelf, that I thought others might love alſo. Wherefore when I ſaw any of my Neighbours to labour under a diſquieted mind, I endeavoured to help them what I could, and inſtances of this good temper of mine, many I could give: As

Firſt, When ever I ſaw any to be diſquieted in *Utopia*, I preſently ſought out means to get them quiet again

2. When the ways of the old World, and of *Sodom*, were in faſhion; if any thing happened to moleſt thoſe that were for the cuſtoms of thoſe times, I laboured to make them quiet again, and to cauſe them to act without moleſtation.

3. To come nearer home, if in *Utopia* I ſaw any troubled for ſin, I endeavoured by

by ſome way, device, invention or other, to labour to bring them to peace again.

Wherefore, ſince I have been always a man of ſo vertuous a temper, as ſome ſay a peace-maker is, and if a peace-maker be ſo deſerving a man, as ſome have been bold to atteſt he is, then let me, Gentlemen, be accounted by you, who have a great name for Juſtice and Equity, for a man that deſerveth not this inhumane way of treatment, but liberty, and alſo a licence to ſeek damage of thoſe that have been my accuſers.

Then ſaid the *Clerk*. *Cryer*, make a Proclamation.

Cryer, *O Yes, for as much as the Priſoner at the Bar hath denied his name to be that which is mentioned in the Indictment*, the Court *requireth that if there be any in this place that can give information to the* Court *of the original and right name of the Priſoner, they would come forth and give in their Evidence. for the Priſoner ſtands upon his own innocency.*

Then came two into the Court and deſired that they might have leave to ſpeak what they knew concerning the Priſoner at the Bar: The name of the one was *Find-right*, and the name of the other *Tell-truth*; ſo the Court demanded of theſe men,

men, if they knew the Priſoner, and what they could ſay concerning him, for he ſtands, ſaid they, upon his own Vindication?

Then ſaid Mr. *Find-right*, My Lord, I---

Court. Hold, Give him his Oath, then they ſware him. So he proceeded.

Find-right. My Lord, I know, and have known this Man from a Child, and can atteſt that his name is *Envy-good*; I knew his Father, whoſe name was Mr. *Diſſembler*, and his Mother before ſhe was married, was Mrs. *Hypocrite.*

Mr. *Envy-goods Mother, uſed often to chuck him under the Chin, and play with him, to encourage him in his bad practices.*

called by the name of Mrs. *Hippocrite*, and theſe two when they came together, lived not long without this Son, and when he was born, they called his name *Envy-good*. I was his Play-fellow, only I was ſomewhat older than he; and when his Mother did uſe to call him home from his play, ſhe uſed to ſay *Envy-good*, *Envy-good*, come home quick, or I'll fetch you. Yea, I knew him when he ſucked; and though I was then but little, yet I can remember that when his Mother did uſe to ſit at the door with him, or did play with him in her Arms, ſhe would call him twenty times together, chucking him under the Chin, My little *Envy-good*, my pretty *Envy-good*, and O my ſweet Rogue *E vy-good*; and again, O my little bird *Envy-good*; and how do I love my Child! The Goſſips alſo know it is thus, though he has the face to deny it in open Court.

Then Mr. *Tell-truth* was called upon to ſpeak what he knew of him. So they ſwate him.

Then ſaid Mr. *Tell-truth*, My Lord, all that the former Witneſs hath ſaid is true; his name is *Envy-good*, the Son of Mr. *Diſſembler*, and of Mrs. *Hippocrite* his mother. And I have in former times ſeen him angry with thoſe that have called him any

any thing elſe but *Envy-good*, for he would ſay, that all ſuch did mock and nick-name him, but this was in the time when Mr. *Envy-good* was a great man, and when the *Informers* were the braveſt men in *Vtopia*.

Court. Gentlemen, you have heard what ‘ theſe two men have ſworn againſt the ‘ Priſoner at the Bar: and now Mr. *Envy-* ‘ *good* to you, You have denied your name ‘ to be *Envy-good*, yet you ſee that theſe ‘ honeſt men have ſworn that that is your ‘ name. As to your Plea, in that you are ‘ quite beſides the matter of your Indict- ‘ ment, you have pleaded for your ſelf, is, ‘ that you have denied your name, *&c.* but ‘ here you ſee we have Witneſſes to prove ‘ that you are the man.

‘ For the peace that you ſo much boaſt ‘ of making among your Neighbours; ‘ know, that peace that is not a com- ‘ panion of truth and holineſs, but that ‘ which is without this foundation, is groun- ‘ ded upon a lye, and is both deceitful and ‘ damnable: thy Plea therefore has not ‘ delivered thee from what by the Indict- ‘ ment thou art charged with, but rather it ‘ doth faſten all upon thee.

‘ But thou ſhalt have very fair play; let ‘ us call the Witneſſes that are to teſtifie, as ‘ to matter of fact, and ſee what they have

'to say for our Lord the King against the 'Prisoner at the Bar.

Clerk. Mr. Peaceable, *What say you for our Lord the King, against the Prisoner at the Bar?*

Peaceable, My Lord, This man hath of a long time made it, to my knowledge, his business to keep *Utopia* in a sinful quietness in the midst of all her lewdness, filthiness, and turmoils; and hath said, and that in my hearing, Come, come, let us fly from all trouble, on what ground soever it comes, and let us be for a quiet and peaceable life, though it wanteth a good foundation.

Clerk. *Come Mr.* Love the Peace, *what have you to say?*

Love the Peace, My Lord, I have heard him say, That peace, though in a way of unrighteousness, is better than trouble with truth.

Clerk. *Where did you hear him say this?*

Love the peace, I heard him say it in *Folly-yard*, at the house of one Mr. *Simple*, next door to the sign of the *Self-deceiver*. Yea, he hath said this to my knowledge twenty times in that place. Besides, he sets himself to deface, and utterly to spoil all the remainders of goodness in *Utopia*.

Clerk. Mr. *Envy-good*, How could you have the face to plead, *Not guilty*, when you

you are manifeſtly the Doer of ſo much wickedneſs?

Envy-good, Sir, I thought I muſt ſay ſomething, and as my name is, ſo I ſpeak: I have been advantaged by lyes before now, and did not know but by ſpeaking lyes, I might have reaped the ſame benefit now.

Clerk: Set him by *Jayler*, and ſet Mr. *Violence* the Headborough to the Bar.

Mr. Violence *the Headborough brought to the Bar.*

Mr. *Violence*, thou art here Indicted by the name of *Violence*, for that thou doſt moſt trayterouſly and wickedly ſhut up all bowels of compaſſion to the Miniſters of Chriſt: And for that thou doſt hale and

rout them from place to place, and doſt at all times fly from thoſe thoughts that had in them a tendency to lead thee to repentance. What ſayſt thou to this Indictment? Guilty or not guilty?

Not guilty of Violence, my Lord, I'le aſſure you.

Clerk. Call for the Witneſſes: What ſay you the Witneſſes to this Priſoner?

Mr. *Know-much*, My Lord, his Name is *Violence*, ſo he hath writ himſelf in all Papers of concerns where he has had to do. But theſe *Violent-men* love to counterfeit their Names: Mr. *Avarice* covers himſelf with the name of *Frugality*, or the like; Mr. *Flanting* can when need is, call himſelf Mr. *Piety*, or the like, and ſo of all the reſt of them.

Clerk. Mr. Sober, *what ſay you?*

Sober, His name is *Violence*, my Lord; I have known him from a Child, and he hath done all that wickedneſs whereof he ſtands charged in the Indictment; but there is a company of men that are not acquainted with the danger of damning, therefore make no bones of curſing and damning, and lying.

Mr.

Mr. Violence *kills a man, and pleads he did it in his paſſion.*

Violence, My Lord. I have always been a man of Courage and Valour, and have not uſed, when under the greateſt clouds, to ſneak or hang down the head like a bulruſh: And though t'other day I kill'd a man, 'twas in paſſion, and therefore it is I am thus accuſed.

'Tis true, I did not uſe to conſider who was my Foe, nor what the cauſe was in which I was engaged. 'Twas enough to me if I carried it bravely, fought like a man, and came off like a Victor. Therefore my Lord, let me be acquitted.

Court. Mr. Violence, *You are not here Indicted for that you have been a valiant man, nor for your courage and ſtoutneſs in times of diſtreſs, but for that you have made uſe of this your pretended valour to draw men into acts of rebellion both againſt* Peace *and* Love. *This is the crime and the thing wherewith thou art charged within the Indictment. But he made no anſwer to that.*

Now when the Court had thus far proceeded againſt the Priſoners at the Bar, then they put them over to the Verdict of their Jury, to whom they did apply themſelves after this manner.

Gentlemen of the Jury, You have been here, and have ſeen theſe men; you have heard their Indictments, their Pleas, and what the Witneſſes have teſtified againſt them. Now what remains, is, that you do forthwith withdraw your ſelves to ſome place, where without confuſion you may conſider of what Verdict in a way of truth and righteouſnes you ought to bring in for the King *againſt them, and ſo bring it in accordingly.*

Then the *Jury*, to wit, Mr. *Prudent*, Mr. *Harmleſs*, Mr. *Good-heed*, Mr. *Chriſtian*, Mr. *Love-worth*, Mr. *Free-love*, Mr. *Temperate*, Mr. *Hope-well*, Mr. *Compaſſion*, Mr. *Mercifull*, Mr. *Self-denial*, Mr. *Love the peace*, withdrew themſelves in order to their work:

And

And when they were ſhut up by themſelves, they fell to diſcourſe among themſelves in order to the drawing up of their Verdict.

And thus Mr. *Prudent*, for he was the Foreman, began: Gentlemen, quoth he, for the men, the Priſoners at the Bar; *for my part I believe they all deſerve death.* Very right, ſaid Mr. *Harmleſs*, I am wholly of your opinion: O what a mercy is it, ſaid Mr. *Good-heed*, that ſuch Villains as theſe are apprehended! *Ai, ai,* ſaid Mr. *Chriſtian, this is one of the joyfulleſt days that ever I ſaw in my life.* Then ſaid Mr. *Love-worth, I know that if we judge them to death, our Verdict ſhall ſtand.* Nor do I at all queſtion it, ſaid Mr. *Free-love*, He ſaid moreover, *When all ſuch Beaſts as theſe are caſt out of* Utopia, *what a goodly Country will it be then!* Then ſaid Mr. *Temperate*, it is not my manner to paſs my judgment with raſhneſs, but for theſe their Crimes are ſo notorious, and the Witneſs ſo palpable, *that that man muſt be wilfully blind who ſaith, the Priſoners ought not to die. Bleſſed be God,* ſaid Mr. *Hope-well, that the Traytors are in ſafe cuſtody.* And I joyn with you in this *upon my bare knees,* ſaid Mr. *Compaſſion. I am glad alſo,* ſaid Mr. *Mercifull.* Then ſaid the warm man, and true hearted

hearted Mr. *Self-denial*, *Cut them off, they have been the plague, and have ſought the deſtruction of* Utopia, *and the* Proteſtant World.

Thus therefore being all agreed in their Verdict, they come inſtantly into the Court.

Clerk. Gentlemen of the *Jury*, anſwer all to your Names, Mr. *Prudent*, Mr. *Harmleſs*, Mr. *Good-heed*, Mr. *Chriſtian*, Mr. *Love-worth*, Mr. *Free-love*, Mr. *Temperate*, Mr. *Hope-well*, Mr. *Compaſſion*, Mr. *Merciful*, Mr. *Self-denial*, Mr. *Vouch-truth*, twelve: Good men and true, ſtand together in your Verdict; are you all agreed?

Jury. Yes my Lord.

Clerk. Who ſhall ſpeak for you?

Jury. Our Fore-man.

Clerk. *You the Gentlemen of the Jury being Impanelled for our Lord the King, to ſerve here in a matter of life and death, have heard the tryals of each of theſe men the Priſoners at the Bar: What ſay you? Are they guilty of that, and thoſe Crimes for which they ſtand here Indicted; or are they not guilty?*

Foreman, Guilty my Lord.

Clerk. *Look to your Priſoner*, Jayler.

This

This was done in the morning, and in the afternoon they received the Sentence of death according to the Law.

The *Jayler* therefore having received ſuch a Charge, put them all in the inward Priſon, to preſerve them there till the day of Execution, which was to be the next day in the morning.

After all theſe Tryals were over, there came ten Conſtables into the Court puffing and blowing, with all the ſeveral diſtinct ſorts of *Witches* that were in *Utopia*. And the *chief Conſtable* told the *Judge*, that he had Orders to bring thoſe *Witches* that were there in the Court before his *Lordſhip*, that they might be tried for their lives. When the *Conſtable* had done ſpeaking, the *Judge* commanded the *Jayler* to ſet them to the Bar, and they were accordingly ſet to the Bar, and their *Indictment* was read, which was this.

(V I Z.)

The ſeveral Names given to Witches.

Holt, *Jarmara*, *Vinegar-Tom*, *Sack*, and *Sugar*, and you old *Hag* with your four imps, *Elemouzer*, *Pyewacket*, *Peck in the Crown*,

Crown, *Grizzel Greedigut*, *&c.* Hold up your hands, and hear your Charge; ſo they all held up their hands whilſt their Indictment was read. Which was;

You whoſe Names are now called over, are Indicted and Arraigned, for that you are all notorious and malicious Witches, *and make it your conſtant trade to bewitch Men, Women, and Children, Cows, Horſes, Sheep, Oxen, and every thing beſides that diſturbs or moleſts you in the leaſt* punctilio; *and that you are the Vermine of the place where you live, and diſturbers of the whole Kingdom of* Utopia.

As ſoon as ever the *Indictment* was read, they all cried out unanimouſly, *Not guilty my Lord*,; ſo the *Judge* ordered the Witneſſes to be called in, and ſaid, they ſhould (to make ſhort work of it) be all tryed at the Bar together: Then there came into the *Court* Mr. *Witch-finder General*, Mr. *Hate-device*, and Mr. *Spy-Imp*, and ſaid, They could prove all the Priſoners at the Bar guilty of hainous Crimes and Offences, and that they were real *Witches*.

Mr.

Mr. Witch-finder General ſtands up and gives in his Teſtimony.

With that *Mr. Witch-finder General* told the *Judge*, he could ſay much againſt the Priſoners at the Bar, and if his Lordſhip pleaſed, would begin to declare what he had to ſay.

Judge, Pray Mr. *Witch-finder* let's hear then what you can ſay againſt the Priſoners.

Mr. Witch-finder General, my Lord, then firſt as to *Vinegar-Tom*, He is a Witch in grain.

Vinegar

Vinegar-Tom's Effigies.

He is one that can transform himſelf into all ſhapes, (an infallible ſign of a Witch) Sometimes he appears to me like a *long-legg'd Greyhound*, with an head like an Ox, a long Tail, and broad Eyes; ſometimes he transforms himſelf into the ſhape of a Child of four years old; ſometimes into the ſhape of an old Woman ſitting upon a green Pitcher, and then ſtraight-ways vaniſheth away, and this I have ſeen him do often.

Judge. I pray Sir, how gained you the knowledge of theſe things.

Mr. *Witch-finder*, my Lord, I never travelled

velled far for it, for there was twelve or thirteen Witches in the Town where I lived, who with abundance of Witches from adjacent parts, met every *Friday-night* at my house, and had there several solemn Sacrifices offered to the Devil, among whom *Vinegar-Tom* was chief.

Judge, Was *Vinegar-Tom* (as you call him) us'd to have a Teat or hard bunch of flesh under his Arm-pits to demonstrate him a Witch.

Mr. Witch-finder, Yes my Lord, he had, and at those Teats his Imps *Tog-raggin*, *Baconface*, *Long-tayl*, *Mungrell-nose*, and *Will-tellus*, were used every Night to suck.

Mr. Recorder, Of what nature are those Teats, Mr. *Witch-finder*, they are most commonly insenble, and feel neither Pin, Needle, or Awl, if you thrust them through; these Teats have their frequent *mutations*, and *variations*, sometimes of one colour, and sometimes of another; sometimes higher, and sometimes lower; sometimes big, and sometimes little.

Mr. Attorney General, Pray *Mr. Witch-finder*, How comes it to pass, that the Devil being a Spirit (and so consequentially wanting no Nutriment or Sustentation, should desire to suck any blood; and indeed as he is a Spirit he cannot draw any excressences, having

having neither fleſh nor bone, and cannot be felt.

Mr. Witchfinder, He ſeeks not their blood, as if he could not ſubſiſt without that Nouriſhment, but he often repairs to them and gets it, the more to aggravate the Witches *Damnation*, and to put her in mind of her Covenant; and as he is a Spirit and Prince of the Air, he appears to them in any ſhape, what he pleaſes, which ſhape is aſſumed by him through joyning of condenced thickned air together; and by this means 'tis, he doth aſſume the ſhapes of many Creatures; but to create any thing, he cannot do it, *it is only proper to C.* The Devil alſo uſeth the Organs of that body he aſſumes to ſpeak withal, to make his compact up with the Witches.

Judge, I pray Sir reſolve me in one thing *(now we are upon the tryal of Witches)* and that is this; *viz.* Is it a truth that Witches will ſwim like a *Duck*, if they are flung (tyed by the Thumbs) into a Pond of Water.

Witch-finder General, my Lord, It is a *real truth*, and the reaſon is this, becauſe Witches deny their *Baptiſm*, when they covenant with the Devil, and Water being the ſole Element of *Baptiſm*, when they be heaved into the Water, the *Water* refuſeth

refuſeth to receive them into her *boſome*, they being ſuch *miſcreants* to deny their *Baptiſm* but cauſeth them to float on the top of it; and this was likewiſe King *James* his Opinion.

Judge. One Queſtion more I pray reſolve me, and that is this, *What is the reaſon that* Witches, *when they are called either* Whores *or* Thieves, *or any other bad names, are ſo ready to wring their hands, and cry out with abundance of tears, running, uſually, to ſome Juſtice of the* Peace *to complain of the wrong that is done unto them; and when they are accuſed of this damnable ſin of* Witchcraft, *they never alter their countenances, nor let ſo much as one tear fall.*

Witch-finder, My Lord, The reaſon of this is, becauſe the *Devil* hath ſo hardned their hearts, that they look upon their Heaven-daring ſin, of giving up their Souls to the Devil, but as a ſmall thing; but they think the approbious name of *Whore* and *Thief*, will ſpoil their credit amongſt men; and therefore they are more concern'd for that.

Judge, Well Sir, You may now ſtand by, for you have very well ſatisfied us of the nature of *Witches* in general; and you have likewiſe proved ſatisfactorily, that *Vinegar-Tom* is a real *Witch*. But before we proceed to paſs Sentence, we will hear

what the other two Witneſſes, Mr. *Hate-devil*, and Mr. *Spy-imp*, have likewiſe to ſay againſt *Vinegar-Tom*, *Sack and Sugar*, *News Jarmara*, *Holt* the old *Hag*, and her four Imps, *Illemauzer*, *Pye-wacket*, *Peck in the Crown*, *and Griezel Greedigut*, &c.

Mr. Hate-devil *ſtands up and ſpeaks to the Judge.*

Mr. *Hate-devil*, My Lord, Mr. *Witch-finder General* having ſaid enough againſt *Vinegar-Tom*, to prove him a *Witch*, and worthy of death, I paſs him by, and ſhall only give in my Teſtimony againſt *Sack and Sugar*, *News Jarmara*, &c. And in a word, my Lord, They are notorious *Witches* all, and deſerve Death (and ſeeing, my Lord, that the Sacred *Scripture* ſays, *That thou ſhalt not ſuffer a Witch to live*, I hope your Lordſhip will ſentence them all to Death.

But,

But, my Lord, to come to particulars, they had all of them (as my Brother *Spy-Imp* can tell) an hand in bewitching ſeveral men and women, and an whole herd of Cattel in this Country; and beſides, they can, like *Vinegar-Tom*, transform themſelves into all ſhapes at pleaſure.

Spy-Imp *confirms* Hate-devils *Teſtimony.*

Then ſtood up Mr. *Spy-Imp*, and told the *Judge*, that he knew what *Mr. Hate-devil* had atteſted againſt the Priſoners at the Bar, was really a truth; and for his own part, he could ſay no more but what had been ſaid, and what had been ſaid he would ſwear too, if his Lordſhip deſired it.

The old Hag *ſtands up and anſwers for her ſelf, confeſſing her* Imps Names

to the Judge, *and the reaſon how ſhe come to turn* Witch.

Hag. My Lord, I muſt confeſs I am a *Witch*, and have ſeveral *Imps*, whoſe Names are *Illemauzer*, *Pye-wacket*, *Peck in the Crown*, *Griezel Greedigut*; but I hope your Lordſhip will ſpare my life.

The reaſon why ſome become Witches.

Becauſe I had never been a *Witch* had not *Poverty* come upon me like an armed man. and that continuing, filled my mind with diſcontent; and in that diſcontented humour, the Devil ſtriking in, told me, if I would give up my ſelf to him, I ſhould not want as long as I lived. Oh, pray my Lord, therefore ſpare me, ſpare me, for I had never been a *Witch* had it not been for *Poverty! Poverty! Poverty!* and a diſcontented mind.

When ſhe had done ſpeaking, up ſtairs

Hob

Holt *ſpeaks to the* Judge, *and as ſhe ſpeaks her Imp* Scondrel *comes and licks her Fingers.*

And likewiſe beg'd of the *Judge* that her Life might be ſpar'd, adding withal, that if the *Jndge* would forgive her, ſhe would confeſs to his Lordſhip, *The Cheats and Deluſions the Devil impoſeth upon Witches*, and many other remarkable things. When ſhe had done ſpeaking, the *Judge* told her, He could not ſave her life, but if ſhe would make any Confeſſion, he would not put her to ſo ſevere Death as ſhe deſerv'd both by the Law of God and Man,

Holt makes large Confeſſions of the Wiles of the Devil.

Holt, My Lord, (to begin then) The Devil doth (as I now can tell by dreadful experience) often play the Deluder and

Impoſtor with Witches, in perſwading them that they are the cauſe of ſuch and ſuch a Murther, and that he hope them in the effecting of it, when indeed neither he nor they had any hand in it: And he being of long ſtanding, above *ſix thouſand years*, muſt needs be a great Scholar in all knowledges of *Arts* and *Tongues*, and ſo have the beſt skill in *Phyſick*, judgment in *Phyſiognomy*, and knowledge of what Diſeaſe is reigning or predominant in this or that mans body, (and ſo for Cattel too) by reaſon of his long experience. This ſubtile Tempter knowing ſuch a man liable to ſome ſudden diſeaſe, (as by experience I have found) As *Pluriſie*, *Impoſthume*, *&c.* he reſorts to divers Witches; If they know the man, he ſeeks to make a difference between the Witches and the party, it may be by telling them he hath threatned to have them very ſhortly ſearched, and ſo hanged for Witches; then they all conſult with *Satan* to ſave themſelves, and *Satan* ſtands ready prepared.

The Devil's Speech to the Witches.

What will you have me to do for you, my dear and neareſt children, covenanted and compacted with me in my helliſh league, and ſealed with your blood, my delicate firebrand-darlings. Oh thou (ſay they) that at the firſt didſt pro-

promiſe to ſave us thy Servants from any of our deadly Enemies diſcovery, and didſt promiſe to avenge and ſlay all thoſe, we pleaſed, that did offend us; Murther that Wretch ſuddenly who threatens the downfall of your loyal Subjects. He then promiſeth to effect it: Next news is heard, the party is dead; he comes to the Witch, and gets a world of reverence, credence, and reſpect for his power and activeneſs, when and indeed the Diſeaſe kills the party, not the Witch, nor the Devil, (only the Devil knew that ſuch a Diſeaſe was predominant) and the Witch aggravates her damnation by her familiarity and conſent to the Devil, and ſo comes likewiſe in compaſs of the Laws. This is *Satans* uſual impoſtring and deluding, but not his conſtant courſe of proceeding, for He and the Witch do miſchief too much.

Judge, Hold, hold, ſet her by *Jayler*, ſhe hath diſcovered enough to make the whole Court to tremble, and my heart to bleed. As ſoon as ever ſhe was commanded back to Priſon, in order to ſuffer Death, The *Judge* orders the *Jury* to examine *Sack* and *Sugar*, *News* and *Jarmara*, with the reſt of that *vaſt company of Witches* that were then in the *Jaylers* cuſtody; but as they were coming into the Court, the *Jayler* accidentally looking back, they took the op-

portunity (fearing the Fate of those that went before) and vanished all away.

Sack *and* Sugar, Jarmara, News, *vanish out of the Court with the rest of the Witches that had not been examined, and it was feared they would multiply to a new brood of Witches in* Utopia.

As soon as ever the *Judge* perceiv'd this unhappy accident, he commanded immediately that the *Jury should be impanelled*, that Verdict forthwith might be given upon those that were yet in custody; and accordingly there was a very honest *Jury impanelled*, who within half an hours time brought in the *Verdict*, That *Vinegar-Tom, Holt, the old Hag, with her four Imps, Illemauzar, Pyewacket, Peck in the Crown, Griezzel Greedigut, &c.* were Witches and grand Criminals, and deserved Death.

The Judge passes Sentence upon the Witches.

And

And ſo the *Judge* paſt Sentence upon them all, which Sentence was this: *Viz.*

You Vinegar-Tom, Holt, old Hag, *with your four Imps*, &c. *ſhall return from the place whence you came, and from thence be dragged upon an Hurdle to the chiefeſt Street in* Utopia, *there to be buried alive in the mid-day, that all may ſee your ſin and folly, and fly for ever, the firſt thought that ever ſhall dare to enter into their minds of making Contracts with a deceitful Devil.*

After the Tryal of Witches, Mrs. *Bad-wife* (otherwiſe called Mrs. *Tittle-tattle*, or *Prate-to-faſt*, was order'd to be ſet to the Bar.

Mrs. Bad-wife *holding up her hand to the Bar.*

Her Indictment read by the Judge himſelf.

Judge. Mrs. *Bad-wife*, You are here Indicted by the name of *Mrs. Badwife* (or *Prate-to-faſt*) in the Pariſh of *Goſſiping*, For that you by your daily Junketings, Revellings,

lings, Merry-makings, and for your proud and vain-glorious twatling and boasting, are a stain and blemish to Woman-kind, and a scandal to the place where you live, and a Plague and Curse to your poor contented Husband.

What say you *Mrs. Bad-wife*, are you guilty of such irregular actions, yea or no.

She denies the Crimes laid to her charge.

Mrs. *Bad-wife*, My Lord and please you, I am no ways guilty of what is here laid to my charge, for I regulate my life and domestick affairs, with unspeakable prudence, discretion, and modesty, and never was suspected to be of a *gossiping temper*, or junketting humour, and love my dear-contented husband as I love my own life.

When she had pleaded *Not guilty*, the *Kings Attorney* stood up and made the following Speech; *Viz.*

My Lord, and you Gentlemen of the *Jury*, My opinion is, that there is little heed to be given to the Assertions of any of the Female Sex (and none at all to what Mrs. *Bad-wife* avoucheth in her own behalf. Alas, the Devil knew when he first adventured to *sting the woman*, and tempt her as the *weaker vessel*, what a rare Piece he had to deal with, naturally apt to all mischiefs and folly, he knew she was ready to affect all his Plots and purposes, and that she would leap at any

any *opportunity*, by which ſhe might diſturb the *Fabrick of the whole Creation*, and bring the World into a *woful deſolation*: Nay, do but obſerve the Devil's after-works ſince the Fall, and you'l ſee in all ages he hath made uſe of the *Female Sex* to atchieve and compaſs his chiefeſt Plots and Deſigns in former times, who were the Engines in Kings, Princes, and Noble-mens Courts, to beget and maintain Vice and Folly, but the *Daughters* of *Eve*; And beſides, if all things are not according to their will, there is no peace iu Court or Country, and how frequently do the *laſcivious ſort of them* undo men of all ſorts and degrees, whilſt bewitched with their *Syren-tongues*, they enchant them and their Eſtates, Souls and Bodies unto utter deſolation.

Then were the Witneſſes called out, which were, Mrs. *Good-huſwifry*, Mrs. *Nimble*, Mrs. *Timely-up*, Mrs. *Chaſte*, and Mrs. *Ever-doing*.

Judge, Well Mrs. *Good-huſwifry*, what can you ſay concerning the Priſoner?

Mrs

Mrs. Good-houſwifry *giving in her Teſtimony againſt Mrs* Bad-wife.

Mrs. *Good-houſwifry*, My Lord, this wicked woman Mrs. *Bad-wife* keeps holy Exerciſes out of her houſe, ſhe never takes care to have her Children inſtructed, ſhe approveth of *niggardly houſe-keeping*, ſhe breedeth much contention where ſhe liveth, and is hated by all the honeſt Neigbourhood. My Lord, ſhe makes it her buſineſs to go from houſe to houſe to goſſip and idle away her time; And now 'tis the property of a *Good wife to ſet up a Sail according to the Keel of her husbands Eſtate*; I believe, my *Lord*, in a little time ſhe will bring her husband (good man) with ſorrow to the Grave. But becauſe other Witneſſes ſtand here by me, I will trouble your Lordſhip with no more Complaints at preſent.

Mrs.

Mrs. Nimble *giving in her Testimony.*

So Mrs. *Nimble* ſtood up and ſaid, My *Lord*, This Priſoner Mrs. *Bad-wife* is a perſon not fit to live, for we had in the *Town* where I liv'd a company of very good Neighbours, whoſe Names were Mrs. *Amity*, Mrs. *Kindneſs*, Mrs. *Gentleneſs*, Mrs. *Love*, Mrs. *Peace*, Mrs. *Charity*, Mrs. *Ready-good-will*, Mrs. *Good-turn*, with many other ſuch perſons, *&c.* but as ſoon as ever ſhe came, ſhe routed them all by her ill example, and in their room ſhe brought in Mr. *Naked*; *Mr. Diſcord*, *Mr. Niggardlineſs*, *Mr. Strife*, *Mr. Deceit*, *Mr. High-mindedneſs*, and *Mr. Make-bate*; Therefore my *Lord*, my judgment is, ſhe ought to ſuffer Death, or be baniſht quite out of *Utopia*.

Mrs. Timely-up *giving in her Teſtimony.*

As ſoon as *Mrs. Nimble* had done complaining, up ſtands *Mrs. Timely-up*, and ſaid, my *Lord*, I have much to ſay againſt *Mrs. Bad-wife*, and if your *Lordſhip* pleaſes I will begin to ſpeak.

Judge, Ay—pray Mrs. *Timely-up* begin then.

Mrs. *Timely-up*, My Lord, this Mrs. *Bad-wife* hath forced all *Hoſpitallity* out of door, and in his ſtead (at the back-door) hath let in *Pride of Apparel, ſumptuous Buildings, affectation of vain Titles*, and *Madam Ambition*.

Judge, Did you know her before her marriage?

Mrs. *Timely-up*, Yes my Lord, I knew her and her husband both before they were married.

Judge. What kind of man was her husband.

Mrs. *T.U.* He was a *Leather-ſeller*, & a very honeſt man, and one of an incomparable good humour; when he was a Batchelor, I could not come to his houſe, but it was preſently, *Dear Friend*, (for I was firſt Coſin to him) *How do you*, Good morrow, Good-even, *I am glad to ſee you well, will you ſit down and eat; Be not ſo ſtrange in my houſe, but take it for your own. for I am yours at command*: But now ſince he's

he's married, *poor contented man*, he dares hardly ſpeak to his friends, when they come to ſee him, and a wink and a nod, is an high favour from him; my Lord, ſhe ſpoils all that come near her. Beſides, my Lord, ſhe is of a moſt froward and pieviſh temper, and her huſband (do what he can) can never pleaſe her. Sometimes her cloaths are not find enough, her Diet ſweet enough, her houſe ſumptuous and brave enough, her huſbands friends kind enough, and ſometimes again ſhe loves not the City, but muſt have her *Country-houſe*, forſooth, and an hundred things more ſhe ayles every hour of the day. But my Lord, I confeſs I could not forbear laughing at a paſſage I ſaw t'other day between her huſband and ſhe.

Iudge, What was it, ſpeak out, that the whole Conrt may hear

Her Husband ſtrives to make her better, but in vain.

Mrs. Timely-up, My Lord, It 'twas this t'other day as I went by her houſe, I accidently peep'd in at the window, and there I ſaw her huſband beſpeaking of her after this manner, *Pray my love, my dear, my ſweeting, my chick, my child, my honey, my life, my Joy*, (with an hundred more ſuch endearing expreſſions) Be not angry, be not diſpleaſed, aſk what ever thou wilt, thou ſhalt have it, if that thou wilt but let me live at quiet: But, my Lord, for all this kind carriage of her huſband, ſhe call'd him Rogue,

Ballad-

Raſcal, Knave, and bid him be gone, for ſhe could never live at quiet for him, my Lord, I believe ſhe'll quickly break his heart.

When ſhe had ended her ſpeech, *Mrs. Badwife* ſtands up and deſired that Mrs. *Slack*, Mrs. *Sloathful*, *Mrs. Careleſs*, Mrs. *Waſtful*, Mrs. *Gooſe-belly*, Mrs. *Toſs-pot* Mrs. *Wayward*, Mrs. *Love-bed*, Mrs. *Drowſie*, Mrs. *Light-finger*, Madam *Go-gay*, Mrs. *Wanderer*, Mrs. *Spendal*, her Witneſſes might be called into the Court to ſpeak in her behalf but the Judge ſtood up and ſaid, That the Court would give no heed to the *Evidence* of ſuch perſons, except ſhe had any better, for he ſaid, their very Names beſpoke them ſorry perſons.

The Sentence upon Mrs. Bad-wife.

Then ſaid the Judge to the Priſoner, hold up thy hand and hear thy Sentence, *viz.* You ſhall return to the place from whence you came, and from thence be Carted to the *Great Ducking-ſtool* that is in this Town, and there ſhall you ſit (in the preſence of all the women in *Utopia* for a warning to them) tell you expire out your poyſonous and infectious breath.

Mrs. Bad-wife put into a *Ducking-ſtool to ſuffer Death.*

Soon

Soon after the Execution of theſe Malefactors, the Judge in a great Paſſion, commanded Sir *John Fraud* to be ſet to the Bar.

Sir *John Fraud* ſet to the Bar.

That ſo likewiſe the Knavery of all Trades and Profeſſions might be publickly Diſcovered, Arraigned, and Legally Condemned; ſo he was ſet to the Bar, and his Indictment read: which was this; *viz.*

His INDICTMENT.

Sir John Fraud, *Thou art here Indicted by the Name of Sir* John Fraud, *for that thou art an Upſtart, come out of* Italy, *begot of*

Pride, *nurſed up by* Wicked Conſciences, *(and brought into this Countrey by thy Father the* Devil*) that thou art a Raiſer of Rents, an Enemy to this Kingdom, and haſt inſinuated thy ſelf into all Trades, Eſtates and Profeſſions throughout the Chriſtian World.*

When the Indictment was read, the whole Court laughed, and clapt their hands for joy, ſaying, they hoped now they ſhould ſee all Roguery come to light: And the Judge ſpake as follows to the Priſoner;

Judge. Sir *John Fraud*, Art thou Guilty, or not Guilty of theſe Miſdemeanors laid to thy Charge?

Priſoner. Not Guilty, my Lord: And I deſire to have a Jury impannelled, and then no doubt but the Verdict will be given on my ſide.

The

The First he desired for one of his Jury was a *Prick-louse Taylor.*

As he was thus speaking to the Judge, he saw coming down a Hill afar off, a brave dapper *Dick*, quaintly attired in Velvet and Sattin, and a Cloak of cloth rash, with a Cambrick Ruff as smoothly set, and he as neatly spunged, as if he had been a Bridegroom; only he guess'd by his pace afar off, he should be a Taylor; his head was holden up so pert, & his legs shackle-hamm'd, as if his Knees had been lac'd to his Thighs with Points. Coming more near indeed, he spied a Taylor's Marice-pike on his Breast, a *Spanish Needle*, and then he fitted his Salutations, not to his Suits, but to his Trade, and encountred him by a thred-

bare Courteſie, as if he had not known him, and asked him of what Occupation he was? A Taylor, quoth he, Marry then my Friend, quoth he, you are the more welcome; for I muſt be tried for my Life; the Matter is come to an Iſſue, there muſt a Jury be impannelled upon me, and I would deſire and intreat you to be one of the Queſt.

The Judge likes not the Man.

Not ſo, quoth the Judge, I challenge him; for I know he cheats with Silk, Lace, Cloth of Gold, of Silver, and ſuch coſtly Stuff, to welt, guard, whip, ſtitch, edge, face, and draw out, that the Vails of one Velvet Breech amounts to I know not what: And I know there is no Taylor ſo preciſe, but he can play the Cook, and lick his own Fingers; though he look up to Heaven, yet he can caſt large Shreds of ſuch rich Stuff into Hell under his Shop-Board. Beſides, he ſets down like the Clerk of the Chancery, a large Bill of Reckonings, which becauſe he keeps long in his pocket, he ſo powders for ſtinking, that the young upſtart that needs it, feels it ſalt in his ſtomack for a month after. Beſide, Knavery hath much advanc'd him; for

for whereas in my time he was counted but Goodman Taylor, now he is grown to be called a Merchant, or Gentleman, Merchant-Taylor, giving Arms, and the Holy Lamb in his Creſt, where before he had no other Cognizance but a plain *Spaniſh* Needle, with a *Welſh* Cricket on the top; ſince then his Gain is ſo great, and his Honour ſo advanc'd by Knavery, I will not truſt his Conſcience, neither ſhall he come upon your Jury.

Indeed you have ſome reaſon, quoth the Priſoner, to except againſt him; but perhaps the Taylor doth this upon meer Devotion, to puniſh Pride; and having no other Authority, nor Mean', thinks it beſt to pinch them by the Purſe, and make them pay well, as to ask them twice ſo much Silk, Lace, and other ſtuff as would ſuffice, and yet to over-reach my young Maſter with a Bill of Reckonings, that will make him ſcratch where it itcheth not. Herein I hold the Taylor for a neceſſary Member, to teach young Novices the way to weeping Croſs; that when they have waſted what their Fathers left them by Pride, they may grow ſparing and humble by inferred Poverty; and by this reaſon the Taylor after his faſhion exalteth the poor, and

pulleth down the proud; for of a wealthy Eſquires Son, he makes a thredbare Beggar; and of a ſcornful Taylor, he ſets up an upſtart ſcurvy Gentleman. Yet ſeeing My Lord, you have made a reaſonable Challenge to him, the Taylor ſhall be none of the Queſt.

The Next he deſired for a Jury-man, was a *Broker*.

As Sir *John* bade the Taylor ſtand by, there was coming along the Valley towards him a ſquare ſet Fellow, well fed, and as briskly apparelled, in a black Taffata Doublet, and a ſprnce Leather Jerkin, with Cryſtal

ſtal Buttons, a Clook ſac'd afore with Velvet, and a *Coventry* Cap of the fineſt wool, his Face ſomething Ruby Bluſh, Cherry-cheek'd, like a ſhred of Scarlet, or a little darker, like the Lees of old Claret Wine, a Noſe, *autem* Noſe, purpled preciouſly with Pearl and Stone, like a counterfeit work, and between the filthy Reumicaſt of his blood-ſhotten Snowt, there appeared ſmall Holes, whereat Worms Heads peeped, as if they meant by their appearance to preach aud ſhew the Antiquity and Aucieutry of his Houſe.

This fiery-fac'd Churle had upon his fingers as many Gold Rings as would furniſh a Goldſmiths Shop, or beſeem a Pandor of loug Profeſſion to wear. Wondring what Companion this ſhould be, he enquired of what Occupation he was? Marry Sir, quoth he, a *Broker*: Why do you ask? have you any Pawns at my Houſe? No, quoth he, nor never will have; but the reaſon is, to have you upon a Jury.

The Attorney General ſtarts up.

At this word ſtarts up the Attorney General, and ſwore he ſhould be none of the Queſt, for he would Challenge him; for this baſe Churle, ſays he, is one of the Moths

of theCommon-wealth: beſide,he is a ſpoil of young Gentlemen,a blood-ſucker of the poor,as thirſty as a Horſe leach, that will never leave drinking while he burſt;a knave that hath intereſt in the Leaſes of forty Bawdy-houſes, a receiver for Lifts, and a diſhonourable ſupporter for Cutpurſes. To conclude, he was gotten by an *Incubus*, a HeDevil,and brought forth by an overworn refuſe, that had ſpent her youth under the ruines of *Bawbies* Barn.

Moreover this Villain is the Devils Factor, ſent from Hell to torment youngGentlemen upon Earth? he hath fetcht me over in his time, only in pawns,in ten thouſand pound in gold. Suppoſe that Gentlemen through their liberal minds may want that I need, money: let me come to him with a pawn worth ten pound, he will not lend upon it above three pound,and he will have a Bill of ſale,and twelve pence in the pound for every month, ſo that it comes to ſixteen pence,and the Bill muſt be renewed monthly: and if you break but your day ſet down in the Bill of ſale, your pawn is loſt, as full bought and ſold, you turned out of your Goods, and he an unconſcionable gainer. Suppoſe the beſt, you keep your day,yet paying ſixteen pence a month for twenty ſhillings, you pay as good for the

the lone as fourſcore in the hundred: is not this monſtrous exacting upon Gentlemen? Beſide, the Knave will be diligently attending and waiting at dicing Houſes, where we are at play, and there he is ready to lend the loſer money upon Rings, and Chains, Apparrel, or any other good pawn, but the poor Gentleman pays ſo dear for the Lavender it is laid up in, that if it lye long at a Brookers-houſe, he ſeems to buy his apparel twice. Nay, this *worm-eaten wretch* hath deeper pit falls yet to trap Youth in. For he being acquainted with a young Gentleman of fair living, in iſſue of good Parents, or aſſured poſſibility, ſoothes him in his monſtrous expences, and ſays, he carries the mind of a Gentleman, promiſing if he want, he ſhall not lack for a hundred pound or two, if the Gentleman need. Then hath my Broker an Uſurer at hand, as ill as himſelf, and he brings the money, but they tye the poor Soul in ſuch *Darbies* bands, what with receiving ill Commodities, and forfeitures upon the band, that they dub him Sir *John Had-land* before they leave him, and ſhare like Wolves the poor novices wealth betwixt them as a prey. He is (Sir) to be brief, a bowzie, bawdy Miſer, good for none but himſelf, and his trugg; a Carl that hath a filthy Carkaſs without a Conſcience, a bo-

dy

dy of a man, wherein an Infernal ſpirit, in ſtead of a Soul, doth inhabit: the ſcum of the ſeven deadly ſins, an Enemy to all good minds, a devourer of young Gentlemen, and to conclude, my mortal Enemy, and therefore admit of my challenge, and let him be none of the Jury. Moreover, were not *Brokers* bad, there would be leſs filching, and fewer Thieves; for they receive all is brought them, and buy that for a Crown, that is worth twenty ſhillings. deſire of gain binds their Conſcience, and they care not how it be come by, ſo they buy it cheap. Beſide, they extort upon the poor, that are inforced through extreme want to pawn their cloaths and houſhold ſtuff, their Pewder and Braſs; and if poor ſouls that labour hard, miſs but a day, the baſe-minded Broker takes the forfeit, without remorſe or pitty: It was not ſo in *Diebus illis*. I have known of late, when a poor Woman laid a ſilver Thimble, that was ſent her from her friends for a Token, to pawn for ſix pence, and the *Broker* made her pay a half penny a week for it, which comes to two ſhillings a year for ſix pence; ſith then his Conſcience is ſo bad, let him be ſhuffled out amongſt the Knaves, for a diſcarded Card, and ſo the *Broker* was put by,

A

A *Barber*, a *Surgeon* and an *Apothecary* ſummoned to be of the Jury.

When the *Broker* was gone Three pert Youths come up cloſe to Sir *John* in a cluſter very neatly tyred, who queſtioning them what they were? the one ſaid he was a *Barber*, the other a *Chirurgeon*, and the third an *Apothecary*. How like you of theſe (quoth Sir *John* to the Judg) ſhall they be of my *Jury*? Of the Jury, (quoth the *Judge*) never a One, by my conſent; for I challenge them all.

And firſt the *Barber*, he cannot be but a partial man, ſith he gets more by one time dreſſing of the *Judge* than by ten times dreſſing of me: I come plain to be poll'd, and to have my beard cut, and pay him two pence;

pence: The Judge he ſits down in the chair wrapt in fine Clothes, as though the *Barber* were about to make him a footclothe for the Vicar of Saint fools: Then begins he to take his Sciſſors in his hand, and his comb, and ſo to ſnap with them as if he meant to give a warning to all the Lice in his nitty Locks for to prepare themſelves, for the day of their deſtruction was at hand, then comes he out with his Fuſtian Eloquence, and making a low conge, ſaith Sir, will you have your Worſhips Hair cut after the *Italian* manner, ſhort and round, and then frounſt with the curling Irons, to make it look like a half Moon in a Miſt? or like a *Spaniard*, long at the ears, and curled like to the two ends of an old caſt Periwig? or will you be *Frenchifyed* with a Love-lock down to your ſhoulders, wherein you may wear your Miſtriſs Favour? the *Engliſh* cut is baſe, and Gentlemen ſcorn it, novelty is dainty: ſpeak the word, Sir, my Sciſſors are ready to execute your Worſhips will. His head being once dreſt, which requires in combing and rubbing ſome two hours, he comes to the Baſon: then being curiouſly waſht with no worſe than a Camphire ball, he deſcends as low as his beard, and asketh whether he pleaſeth to be ſhaven or no? whether he will have his Peake cut ſhort & ſharp,

ſharp, amiable like an *Inamorato*, or broad pendant like a Spade, to be terrible, like a Warrior and a Soldado? whether he will have his crates cut low like a Juniper buſh, or his Suberches taken away with a Razor? if it be his pleaſure to have his appendices prim'd, or his Mouchaches ſoſtred, to turn about his ears like the branches of a Vine, or cut down to the lip with the *Italian* Laſh to make him look like a half faced Bouby in Braſs? Theſe quaint Terms the *Barber* greets the Gallant withal, and at every word a ſnap with his Sciſſors, and a cring with his knee; whereas when he comes to the poor man, he either cuts his beard at his own pleaſure, or elſe in diſdain asks him if he will be trim'd round like the half of a *Holland* Cheeſe, mocking of him; for this his Knavery, my will is of him, he ſhall be none of the Jury.

For you Mr. *Surgeon* the Statutes of *England* exempt you from being of any Queſt; and beſide, alas, I ſeldom fall into your hands as being quiet, and making no brawles to have wounds or ſores, neither do I frequent Whorehouſes to catch the Marbles, and ſo to grow your Patient: I know you not, and therefore I appeal to the Statute, you ſhall have nothing to do with this matter.

And for you Mr. *Apothecary*, alas, I look not

not once in ſeven year into your Shop, without it be to buy a pennyworth of wormſeed to give my child to drink; or a little Treacle to drive out the Meaſles, or perhaps ſome dregs or powders, to make my ſick horſe a drench withal; but for my ſelf, if I be ill at eaſe, I take Kitchin Phiſick, I make my Wife my Doctor, and my Garden my Apothecaries Shop, whereas the Town Fops cannot have a Fart awry, but he muſt have his Purgations, Pills, and Gliſters, or evacuate by Electuaries; he muſt, if the leaſt ſpot of Morphew come on his face, have his Oyl of *Tartar*, his *Lac Virginis*, his Camphire diſſolved in Verjuice, to make the Fool as fair forſooth, as if he were to play *Maid-Marian* in a May-game or Morrice-dance: tuſh, he cannot digeſt his Meat without Conſerves, nor end his Meal without Suckats; if Sir *John* hap to have a ſtinking Breath, then forſooth the Apothecary muſt play the Perfumer to make it ſweet; nay, what is it about him, that blameth not Nature for framing, and formeth it anew by Art? And in all this, who but Monſieur the Apothecary? threfore, pray Sir, (quoth the Jury) let thoſe three, as partial companions, be packing.

The

The next desired for a Jury-mau, was a *Lawyer* by St. *Dunstans* Church.

Assoon as these were pack'd off, there comes stalking down from a neighbouring Grove an ancient grave Sir, in a black Velvet Coat, and a black Cloth Gown, welted and faced, and after him, as he supposed, four Servingman, the most ill-favoured Knaves he thought as ever he saw; one of them had on a Buff-leather Jerkin, all greasie before with the droppings of Beer, that fell from his Beard; and by his side a Skein like a Brewers Bung-knife, and muffled he was in a Cloak turn'd over his Nose, as though he had been ashamed to shew his Face. The second had a Belly like

a

a Bucking-tub, and a thredbare black coat unbuttoned before upon the Breaſt, whereon the Map of Drunkenneſs was drawn, with the bawdy and howſie excrements that dropt from his filthy leaking mouth. The third was a long lean old ſlavering ſlangril, with a Brazil ſtaff in one hand, and a whipcord in the other; ſo purblind, that he had like to have ſtumbled upon the company before he ſaw them. The fourth was a fat Chuff, with a ſowr look, in a black Cloak faced with Taffata, and by his ſide a great ſide Pouch like a Falkoner: For their Faces, all four ſeemed to be Brethren, they were ſo bumbaſted with the flocks of ſtrong Beer, and lined with the Lees of old Sack, that they look'd like four blown Bladders painted over with red Oker, or waſh'd over with the Suds of an old ſtale Die. All theſe, as well the Maſter, as the following Mates, would have paſt away, but that he ſtept before them, and enquired firſt of the foremoſt what he was? Marry, quoth he, a Lawyer. Then Sir, quoth he, we have a Matter in controverſie that requires Counſel, and you are the more welcom. Marry, ſaid he, I am to be Tried for my Life, and I would have you of my Jury: At this the Lawyer ſmiled, but ſaid nothing; he marvelled he was not ſo well as the

the Surgeon, exempted by an Act of Parliament, from being of any Queſt; ſince as the Surgeon was without pity, ſo he was without conſcience; But preſently Mr. Attorney ſtepped in, and made his Challenge, ſaying, the Lawyer was never friend to Honeſty; for when Lowlineſs, Neighborhood and Hoſpitality lived in *England*, *Weſtminſter*-Hall was a Dining-Chamber, not a Den of Controverſies, when the Duke, Earl, Lord, Knight, Gentleman and Eſquire aimed at Virtue, not Pride; and wore ſuch Breeches as was ſpun in his houſe; then the Lawyer was a ſimple man, and in the higheſt degree was but a bare Scrivener, except Judges of the Land, which took in hand ſerious matters, as Treaſons, Murders, Felonies, and ſuch Capital Offences, but ſeldom were there any Pleas put in, before the proud Lawyer, for his Maintenance, invented ſtrange Controverſies; and ſince he began to domineer in *England*, he hath buz'd ſuch a proud, buſie, covetous and encroaching humor upon every mans Head, that Lawyers are grown to be one of the chief Limbs of the Commonwealth; for they do now adays *de lana caprina rixari*, go to Law if a Hen do but ſcrape in a Neighbours Orchard; but howſoever Right be, Might carries away

the Verdict: If a poor man ſue a Gentleman, why he ſhoots up to the Sky, and the Arrow falls on his own head; howſoever the Cauſe go, the weakeſt is thruſt to the wall. Lawyers are troubled with the heat of the Liver, which makes the palms of their hands ſo hot, that they cannot be cool'd, unleſs they be rubb'd with the Oyl of Angels; but the poor man that gives but his bare Fee, or perhaps pleads in *forma pauperis*, he hunteth for Hares with a Tabor, and gropeth in the dark to find a Needle in a Bottle of Hay: tuſh, theſe Lawyers have ſuch delatory and foreign Pleas, ſuch Dormers, ſuch Quibs and Quiddits, that beggaring their Clients, thye purchaſe to themſelves whole Lordſhips; it booteth not men to diſcourſe their little Conſcience,& great Extortion,only let this ſuffice,they be not ſo rich as they be bad,and yet they be not too wealthy. I inveigh not againſt Law, nor honeſt Lawyers, for there be ſome well qualified; but againſt extorting Ambodexters that wring the poor; and becauſe I know not whether this be ſuch an one or no, I challenge him; he ſhall not be of the Jury. Why then (quoth Sir *John*) his Worſhip may depart.

A Sergeant deſired on the Jury

Sir *John* queſtioned what he in the Buff-Jerkin was? Marry (quoth he) *I am a Sergeant*, Sir *John*. He had no ſooner ſaid ſo, but Sir *John* leap'd back, and drawing his Rapier, he did not only challenge him for his Jury, but proteſted if he ſtrid one foot toward him, he would make him eat a piece of his Pomard. And what is the reaſon (quoth he) that there is ſuch mortal hatred betwixt you and the Sergeant? O Sir, (quoth the Judge) ſearch him, and I warrant you, the Knave hath Precept up-

on Precept to arreſt me, hath worn his Mace ſmooth, with only clapping it on my Shoulder; he hath had me under *Coram* ſo often. Oh the Reprobate is the Uſurers Executioner to bring ſuch honeſt Gentlemen to *Limbo*, Sir *John*, as he hath overthrown with his baſe Brocage, and bad Commodities; and as you ſee him a fat Knave with a foggy face, wherein a Cup of old Sack hath ſet a Seal, to mark the bowſie Drunkard to die of the Dropſie, ſo his Conſcience is conſumed, and his Heart robb'd of all remorſe and pity, that for Money he will betray his own Father; for will a Cormorant but ſet him to arreſt a young Gentleman, the Rake-hell will be ſo eager to catch him, as a Dog to take a Bear by the ears in *Paris* Garden, and when he hath laid hold upon him, he uſeth him as courteouſly as a Butchers Cur would do an Oxe-cheek when he is hungry; if he ſee the Gentleman hath Money in his Purſe, then ſtraight with a Cap and Knee he carries him to the Tavern, and bids him ſend for ſome of his Friends to Bail him; but firſt he Covenants to have ſome brace of Angels for his pains; and beſides he calls in for Wine greedily: But ſuppoſe the Gentleman wants Pence, he will either have a Pawn, or elſe drag him to the Counter,

Counter, without reſpect of Manhood or Honeſty. I ſhould ſpend the whole day with diſplaying his villanies; therefore briefly let this ſuffice, he was never made for any goodneſs, but his ſlovenly carcaſs was fram'd by the Devil, of the rotten Carrion of a Wolf, and his Soul of an Uſurers damn'd Ghoſt, turn'd out of Hell, into his Body, to do monſtrous wickedneſs upon the Earth; ſo that he ſhall be none of the Jury, neither ſhall he come nearer than the length of my Rapier will ſuffer him.

Indeed, quoth Sir *John*, generally Sergeants be bad, but there be amongſt them ſome honeſt men, that will do their duties with lawful favour; for to ſay truth, if Sergeants were not, how ſhould men come by their Debts? Marry they are ſo cruel in their Office, that if they arreſt a poor man, they will not ſuffer him (if he hath not Money) to ſtay a quarter of an hour to talk with his Creditor, although perhaps at the meeting they might take Compoſition; but only to the Counter with him, unleſs he will lay his Pewter, Braſs, Coverlets, Sheets, or ſuch Houſhold-ſtuff to them for pawn of payment of ſome Coyn for their ſtaying; therefore let him depart out of the place, for his Room is better than his Company to me, becauſe of a late Prank I played

A Sumner, a Jaylor, an Informer appear for Jury-men for Sir John.

After this three other men offered their Service to Sir *John*; the one ſaid he was a Sumner, the other a Gaoler, and the third an Informer. Bleſs me (quoth the Judge) what a Gang is here gathered together! no doubt Hell is broke looſe, and the Devil means to keep Holiday: I make Challenge againſt them all, as againſt worſe men than thoſe that gave evidence againſt Chriſt: for the Sumner, it boots me to ſay little more againſt him, than *Chaucer* did in his *Canterbury* Tales, who ſaid he was a Knave, a Briber and a Bawd: But leaving that Authority, although it be authentical, yet thus much I can ſay of my ſelf, that

theſe

theſe drunken, drowſie ſons go a tooting abroad (as they themſelves term it) which is to hear if any man hath got his Maid with Child, or plays the Good-fellow with his Neighbours Wife: if he find a hole in any mans Coat that is of wealth, then he hath his peremptory Citation ready, to cite him unto the Archdeacons or Officials Court, there to appear, and abide the ſhame and penalty of the Law: the man perhaps in good credit with his Neighbors, loth to bring his Name in queſtion, greaſeth the Sumner in the Fiſt, and then he wipes him out of his Book, and ſuffers him to get twenty with Child, ſo he keep him warm in the hand. He hath a Saying to wanton Wives, and they are his good Dames, and as long as they feed him with Cheeſe, Bacon, Capons, and ſuch odd Reverſions, they are honeſt; and be they never ſo bad, he ſwears to the Official, Complaints are made upon Envy, and the women are of good Behaviour. Tuſh, what Bawdry is it he will not ſuffer, ſo he may have Money and good Chear? And if he like a Wench well, a Snatch himſelf; for they know all the Whores in a Country, and are as lecherous Companions as may be. To be brief, the Sumner lives upon Sins of People, and out of Harlotry gets he all his

Gains. As for the Gaoler, although I have been little troubled in Priſon, to have experience of his Knavery, yet have I heard the poor priſoners complain how cruel they be to them, extorting with extraordinary Fees, ſelling a double Curtal (as they call it) with a double Jugg of Beer for twopence, which contains not above a pint and a half. Let a poor man be arreſted into one of the Compters, though he but ſet his foot in them but half an hour, he ſhall be at almoſt an Angels Charge; what with Garniſh, Croſſing and Wiping out of the Book, turning the Key, Paying the Chamberlain, ſeeing for his Jury, and twenty ſuch Extortions, invented by themſelves, and not allowed by any Statute. God bleſs me, Gaoler, from your Hen-houſes; I'le aſſure you, I'le keep you from coming into the Queſt.

And as to you Maſter *Informer*, you that look like a Civil Citizen, or ſome handſom Pettifogger of the Law, although your crimſon Noſe betrays you can ſup a cool Cup of Sack without any chewing, yet have you as much Knavery in your ſide-Pouch there, as would breed the confuſion of forty honeſt men. It may be, Sir *John*, that you marvel why I exclaim againſt the Informer, ſince he highly pretends to do

all

all he doth againſt honeſt men, according to Law: To wipe out this, this Officer is one that abuſes Law, when he ſhould uſe it, and ſuch a one I gueſs this Fellow to be, by the Carnation Tincture of his Ruby-Noſe. Therefore let us ſearch his Bag, and ſee what Traſh you ſhall find in it; with that, although the Informer were very loth, yet we pluckt out the ſtuffing of his Pouch, and in it was found a hundred and odd Writs; whereat I wondred; and Mr. Attorney ſmiling, bad me read Labels, and the Parties Names, and then examine the Informer how many of them he knew, and wherein they had offended? I followed his Counſel, and of all he knew but three, neither could he tell what they had done amiſs, to be arreſted, and brought in queſtion; and yet this Varlet ſwore they deſerved puniſhment.

But the Priſoner Sir *John Fraud* ſeeing me ſtand in amaze, began thus to reſolve me in my doubt. Perhaps, quoth he, you marvel why the Informer hath all theſe Writs, and knows neither the parties, nor can object any offence to them? To this I anſwer, that it being a long vacation he learned in the rowl all thoſe mens names, and the places where they live: Now means he to go abroad, and ſearch them out and arreſt

them, and though they know not wherein or for what cauſe they ſhould be troubled, yet rather than they will come up to *London* and ſpend their Money, he thinks they will beſtow ſome odd Angel upon Mr. *Informer*, and ſo ſit at home in quiet. But ſuppoſe ſome be ſo ſtubborn as to ſtand to the Tryal, yet can this cunning Knave declare a *Tanquam* againſt them, ſo that though they be cleared, yet can they have no recompence at all, for that he doth it in the Courts behalf, I will not unfold all his Villanies, but he is an Abuſer of good Laws, and a very knave, and ſo let him pack away with his Fellows.

A Collier *and a* Ropemaker.

As they were going Sir *John* ſaw two in the Valley together by the ears, the one in Leather, the other as black as the Devil; he ſtept to them to part the fray, and queſtioned what they were, aad wherefore they brawled? Marry, quoth he, that lookt like *Lucifer*, though I am black, I am not the Devil, but indeed a Collier of *Croyden* and one, Sir, that have ſold many a man a falſe ſack of Coals, that both wanted meaſure, aud was half full of duſt and droſs. Indeed I have been a Lieger in my time in *London*, and have played many mad pranks; for which cauſe, you may apparently ſee, I am made a curtal; for the Pillory (in the ſight

ſight of a great many good and ſufficient Witneſſes) hath eaten off both mine ears: and now, Sir, this Ropemaker (the other that was with him) hunteth me here with his halters. I gueſs him to be ſome evil Spirit, that in the likeneſs of a man, would ſince I have paſt the Pillory, perſwade me to hang my ſelf for my old offences; and therefore I lay about his ſhoulders with a Crab-tree Cudgel, that he may get out of my Company.

The Ropemaker replyed, that honeſtly journeying by the way, he acquainted himſelf with the Collyer accidentally, but I my ſelf am an honeſt Man; How, quoth the Collier, can he be honeſt, whoſe Mother I gueſs was a Witch? For I have heard them ſay, that Witches ſay their Prayers backward, and ſo doth the Ropemaker earn his living by going backward; and the Knaves chief Living is by making fatal Inſtruments, as Halters and Ropes, which divers deſperate men hang themſelves with; ſo immediately Sir *John* asked them, if they would be of his Jury? The Judge anſwered and ſaid in the Ropemaker he found no great Falſhood, therefore he was willing he ſhould be one; but for the Collier, he thought it neceſſary, that as he came ſo he ſhould depart: ſo then, Sir *John* bade the Ropemaker

ker ſtand by till more came, which was not long; for there came three in a Cluſter.

The Cheats uſed by the Tanners, Shoemakers, and Curriers.

As ſoon as they drew nigh, he ſpyed one, a fat Churle with a ſide Ruſſet Coat to his knee, and his hands all ſo tanned with ſhifting his Ouſe, yet would he not take notice what they were, but queſtioned with them of their ſeveral occupations.

Marry, quoth the firſt, I am a Tanner, the ſecond a Shoemaker, and the third a Currier: then turning to the Court, he asked them

them if they would allow of those parties? No, quoth the Attorney General, I make challenge unto them all, and I will yield reasons of import against them.

The Cheats used by the TANNERS.

And first to you, Mr. *Tanner*, Are you a man worthy to be of a Jury, when your Conscience cares not to wrong the whole Common-wealth? you respect not publick commodity, but private gains; not to benefit your Neighbour, but for to make the proud Princox your Son an upstart Gentleman; and because you would marry your Daughter at the least to an Esquire, that she may, if it be possible, be a Gentlewoman; and how comes this to pass? By your Tanfats forsooth: For whereas by the antient Laws and Statutes of *England*, you should let a Hide lye in the Ouse, at the least nine moneths, you can make good Leather of it before three months; you have your Doves dung, your Marl, your ashen Bark, and a thousand things more, to bring on your Leather apace, that it is so badly Tanned, that when it comes to the wearing, then it fleets away like a piece of brown Paper: And whereas your Backs of all other, should be the best tanned, you bring them so full

of

of Horn to the Market, that did you not greaſe the Sealers of Leaden-Hall throughly in the Fiſt, they ſhould never be ſealed, but turned away, and made forfeit by the Statute. I cannot at large lay open your ſubtle practiſes to beguile the poor communalty with bad Leather. But let this ſuffice you leave no Villany unſought, to bring the Blockhead your ſon to go afore the Clown his Father, trimly trickt up in a pair of velvet-breeches.

The Cheats uſed by the Curriors.

Now Mr. *Currior*, to your Cozenage; you cannot be content only to burn the Leather you dreſs, for fault of Liquor, becauſe you would make the Shoomaker pay well, and you put in little ſtuff; and beſide, when as in Backs you ſhould only put in Tallow hard and good, you put in ſoft Kitchin ſtuff mixt, and ſo make the good and well tanned Leather by your Villany, to fleet and waſte away, but alſo you grow to be an extorting Knave and a Foreſtaller of the Market; for you will buy Leather, Sides, Backs and Calve Skins, and ſell them to the poor Shoomakers at an unreaſonable rate, by your falſe retailing, getting infinite goods by that exceſſive price; both undoing the poor Shomaker,

maker, and cauſing us, that we pay extremely for Shoes. For if the Currier bought not Leather by the whole of the Tanner, the Shoomaker might have it at a more reaſonable price; but the Shoemaker being poor, is not perhaps able to deal with a dicker of Hides, nor perhaps with a couple of Backs, and the Tanner will not truſt him; then the extorting and couzening Currier comes up with this, I will lend you for a day; and ſo pincheth him, that he is ſcarce able to find his Children bread. But well hath his Majeſty provided by an Act of Parliament, That no Currier ſhall buy Leather, either Backs or Hides of the Tanner, ſo to bridle the extorting and foreſtalling Couzenage; but craftilier and ſubtilier hath the Knave *Currier* croſs-bitten the *Statute*, in that he deals thus with the Tanner, he makes him hold his Leather unreaſonably to the Shoemaker; and ſo when he cannot ſell it, he lays it up in the *Curriers* houſe, under a colour, whereas indeed he hath ſold it him. Suppoſe this ſhift be ſpied and prevented, then compoundeth he with ſome Knave Shoemaker, ſome baſe Rakehell without a Conſcience, that neither reſpecteth God, the Common-wealth, nor his Company, and forſooth he is half with the *Currier*, who letteth him have ſome hundred Marks

to

to lay out for Leather every Month, whereas he ſpends not in his Shop a hundred Marks worth in a year; ſo the Shoemaker buys it to abuſe the Statute, for the Currier, and the Currier by that means undoeth the other Shoemakers: thus two crafty Knaves are met, and they need no honeſt Broker.

The Cheats in the Shoemaking *Trade.*

Now to you Mr. *Shoemaker*; you can put in the inner ſole of a thin Calves Skin, whereas the Shoe is a Neats-leather Shoe, which you know is clean contrary both to Conſcience and the Statute. Beſide, you will join a Neats-Leather Vampey to a Calves Leather heel: Is not here good ſtuff, Mr. *Shoemaker*? Well, for your Knavery, you ſhall have thoſe curſes which belong unto your Craft: you ſhall be light-footed to travel far, light witted upon every ſmall occaſion to give your Maſters bag: you ſhall be moſt of you unthrifts, and almoſt all perfect Goodfellows. Beſide, I remember a merry jeſt, how *Mercury* brought you to a dangerous Diſeaſe, for he requeſted a boon for you, which fell out to your great diſadvantage: and to recreate us, hear a little Gentle-craft, what fell to your Trade by

that winged God. As it hapned on a time that *Jupiter* and *Mercury* travelling together upon Earth, *Mercury* was wonderfully hungry and had no Money in his Purse to buy him any food, and at last, to his great comfort he spyed where a Company of *Tailors* were at Dinner with buttered Pease eating their pease with their Needles points one by one: *Mercury* came to them, and asked them his alms: they proudly bade him sit down and do as he saw they did, and with that delivered him a Needle. The poor God being passing hungry, could not content his maw with eating one by one, but turned the eye of his Needle, and eat two or three together. Which the *Tailors* seeing they start up, and said, What Fellow, a shovel and Spade to butter'd Pease? hast thou no more manners? Get out of our Company, and so they sent him packing with many strokes. *Mercury* coming back *Jupiter* demanded of him what news? and he told him how churlishly he was used amongst the *Tailors*. Well, wandring on further, *Mercury* espyed where a Company of *Shoemakers* were at Dinner with powdred Beef and Brewes: going to them, before he could ask them any Alms, they said, welcome good Fellow, what is thy Stomack up? wilt thou do as we do, and taste of Beef?

Mercury

Mercury thanked them, and ſate down and eat his Belly full, and drunk double Beer, and when he had done went home to his Maſter. Aſſoon as he came, *Jupiter* asked him what News? and he ſaid, I have light amongſt a crew of Shoomakers, the beſt Fellows that I ever met withal, they have frankly fed me without grudging, and therefore grant me a Boon for them. Ask what thou wilt, *Mercury*, quoth he, and it ſhall be done: Why then, quoth he, grant, that for this good turn they have done me, they may ever ſpend a groat afore they can earn twopence. It ſhall be granted: *Mercury*, aſſoon as *Jupiter* had ſaid the word, bethought himſelf, and ſaid, Nay, but that they may earn a groat before they ſpend twopence for my Tongue ſlipt at the firſt. Well, *Mercury*, quoth he, it cannot be recalled, the firſt wiſh muſt ſtand; and hereof, by *Mercuries* Boon it grew, that all the *Gentle-Craft* are ſuch good Fellows and Spend-thrifts. But howſoever, none of theſe three, neither *Shoomaker*, *Tanner* nor *Currier* ſhall be of the Jury.

A Parcel of Gentlemen appear next to Sir John.

As they went away with Fleas in their ears, being thus taunted by the Court, Sir *John* ſaw coming to him a Troop of ancient Gentlemen, with their Servingmen attending upon them: The foremoſt was a great old man with a white Beard, all in Ruffes, and a fair black Cloak on his back, and attending on him he had ſome five men; their Cognizance, as I remember, was a Peacock without a Tail; the other two that accompanied him, ſeemed meaner than himſelf, but Gentlemen of good worſhip; where-

whereupon Sir *John* went towards them, and ſaluted them, and was ſo bold as to queſtion what they were, and of their Buſineſs.

And the ancienteſt anſwered, he was a Knight, and thoſe two his Neighbours, the one an Eſquire, the other a Gentleman, and that they have no urgent Affairs, but only to walk abroad to take the freſh Air. Then did he deſire them all to be upon his Jury.

They ſmiling, anſwered, they were content; but the Attorney General ſtorming, ſtept in, and made challenge to them all, and ſaid, thus you may gueſs the inward Mind by the outward Apparel; and ſee how he is addicted by the homely Robes he is ſuited in; Why this Knight is a mortal Enemy to Honeſty, and ſo to me; he regardeth not Hoſpitality, yet aimeth at Honour; he relieves not the poor; you may ſee though his Lands and Revenues be great, and he able to maintain himſelf in great Bravery, yet he is content with home-ſpun Cloath; he holdeth the worth of his Gentry to be and conſiſt in Velvet-Breeches, but valueth true Fame by the report of the common ſort, who praiſe him for his Houſe-keeping and great Spendings. His Tenants and Farmers would if it might

be poſſible, make him ſink into Atoms with their Prayers and Praiſes; he raiſeth Rent, racketh Lands, taketh Incomes, impoſeth mercileſs Fines, envies others, buyeth Houſes over his Neighbors heads, and reſpecteth not his Countrey, and the Commodity thereof, as dear as his Life, and therefore not fit to be in a Kingdom; he regardeth not to have the needy fed, nor to have his Board garniſhed with full Platters, he minds to be famous, and great, and rich in Furniture and Apparel: Nay, he loveth Pride, and therefore I muſt proclaim him mine Enemy, and therefore he ſhall be none of the Jury; and ſuch as himſelf I gueſs the Squire and the Gentleman, and therefore I challenge them all.

Next appears to Sir *John a Troop of Citizens.*

A Diſcovery of the Cheats uſed by Skinners, Joyners, Sadlers, Watermen, Cutlers, Bellows-menders, Plaiſterers and Printers.

As Mr. Attorney was thus talking, there came a Troop of men, in apparel ſeeming poor honeſt Citizens, in all they were eight; he demanded of them what they were, and whither they were going? One of them that ſeemed the wealthieſt, who was in a furr'd Jacket, made anſwer, that they were all friends, going to the Burial of a Neighbour of theirs, that yeſternight

died, and if it would do Sir *John* any pleasure to hear their Names, they were not so dainty, but they would tell them.

The first said he was a Skinner; the second said he was a Joyner; the third was a Sadler; the fourth a Watermam, the fifth was a Cutler, the sixth was a Bellows-mender, the seventh a Plaisterer, and the eighth a Printer. In good time, quoth he, it is commendable when Neighbors love so well together; but if your speed be not overmuch, I must request you to be of a Jury; they seemed all content, and so Sir *John* turned to the Court, and asked if they would make challenge to any of these? I scorn, quoth one of the Court to make any great Objection against them, being they are Mechanical men, and almost hold them indifferent: With that up starts the Judge himself, and said, Sir, they are not indifferent men, I challenge them all.

The

The Knavery of Skinners.

And firſt with you, Mr. *Skinner*, to whom I can ſay little, but only this, that whereas you ſhould only put the Backs of Skins into Facing, you taw them, and ſo deceive the Buyer; beſide, if you have ſome phantaſtick Skin brought you, not worth twopence, with ſome ſtrange Spots, though it be a Leopard, you will ſwear it is a moſt precious Skin, and came from *Musko*, or the furtheſt Part of *Calabria*.

The Cheats of the Sadler.

The *Sadler*, he ſtuffs his Pannels with Straw or Hay, and overglazeth them with Hair,

Hair, and makes the Leather of them of Morts, or tann'd Sheeps-skins.

The Cheat of the Joyner.

The *Joyner*, though an honeſt man, yet he makes his Joynts weak, and putteth ſappy wood in the Mortiſes, which ſhould be Heart of the Tree, and all to make his Stuff tender.

The Cheat of the Cutler.

The *Cutler* is a Patron to Ruffians and Swaſh-Bucklers, and will ſell them a Blade that may be thruſt into a Buſhel; but to a poor man that cannot skill of it, he ſells him a Sword or Rapier new overglazed, and ſwears the Blade came either from *Turkey*, or *Toledo*.

The

The Knavery of the Watermen.

Now, (Mr. *Waterman*) you will ſay there is no ſubtilty in you, for there is none ſo ſimple but knows your Fares, and what is due between *Greenwich* and *London*, and how you earn your Money painfully, with the ſweat of your Brows; all this is true, but let me whiſper you one thing in your ear, you will play the good-fellow too much if you be well greas'd in the Fiſt; for if a young Gentleman and a pretty Wench come to you, and ſay, *Waterman*, My friend and I mean to go by Water, and to be merry a night or two, and I care not which way nor whither we go; and therefore where thou thinkeſt we may have beſt Lodging,

thither

thither carry us: then off goes your Cap, and away they go, to *Brainford*, or ſome other place; and then you ſay, Hoſteſs, I pray you uſe this Gentleman and his Wife well, they are come out of *London* to take the Air, and mean to be merry here a night or two, and to ſpend their Money frankly, when God wot they are neither man nor wife, nor of any acquaintance, before their Match made in ſome Bawdy Tavern, but you know no ſuch matter; and therefore *Waterman*, I pardon you. And as for you *Plaiſterer* and *Bellows mender*, you ſhall be on the Jury.

At thoſe words of the Judge, Sir *John* rejoyced, hoping that now quickly the Jury would be full.

A Printer *made a Jury man for his Indifferency.*

As for the *Printer*, he cheats the *Book-ſeller* ſometimes in working of half an Impreſſion for himſelf, when the *Book-ſeller* hath had his Number he is to pay for; but becauſe the *Printer* only doth thus to thoſe *Book-ſellers* that he thinks will never pay him, he ſhall paſs on the Jury as an indifferent honeſt man.

The Cheats of the Brick-layers.

As Sir *John* lookt about him, he ſaw one alone come running as faſt as he could; he wondred what he ſhould be that he ſhould make ſuch haſte; when he came near him, he told the Judge he was a good honeſt ſimple man that had been long in his work, in building him a ſumptuous Houſe: I challenge him (quoth the Judge) for he is a Jugler; for though he goeth very homely in Leather, and hath his Ruler in his hand, and his Trowel at his ſide, and he ſeemeth not as one that was given to ſuch qualities, yet he hath his Policy; when he maketh a ſtately place all glorious to the eye, and full of fair Chambers, and goodly Rooms, and about

about his Houſe perhaps ſome threeſcore Chimneys, yet he can ſo cunningly caſt by his Art, that three of them ſhall not ſmoke in the Twelvemonth, and ſo ſpoils he much good Mortar and Brick.

Why, quoth Sir *John*, the Fault is not in the Workman, but the Houſe-keeper; for now adays men build to pleaſe the Eye, not to profit the poor, they uſe no Roſt, but for themſelves and their Houſhold; nor no Fire, but a little Court-Chimney in their own Chamber: How can the poor *Bricklayer* then be blamed, when the niggardlineſs of the Lord and Maſter, is the Cauſe no more Chimnies do ſmoke? For would they uſe ancient Hoſpitality as their Forefathers did, and value as lightly of Pride, as their great Grandfathers, then ſhould you ſee every Chimney in the Houſe ſmoke, and prove that the poor Artificer had done his part. Why then (quoth the Judge) as you pleaſe, admit him on the Queſt.

But what be thoſe (quoth the Judge) that come here ſo ſoberly? I hope they be honeſt men, for they look demure: I will enquire, ſaid he; and with that, ſtepping to them, he demanded their Names; and very courteouſly one ſaid he was a Brewer, the other a Butcher, the third a Baker, and the fourth a Victualer.

Hearing

Hearing what they were, the Judge was glad, gueſſing, ſince they were ſo honeſt ſubſtantial men, that they would help to make up the Jury.

When he had ſaid ſo, Sir *John Fraud*, with a grim and ſowr countenance, gave them this Challenge: I hold it not neceſſary (quoth he) that theſe have any thing to deal in my Cauſe, ſince I am at odds with them all, at leaſt in forty pounds apiece; for this ſeven year have I been indebted unto them for Bread, Beef, Beer, and other Victuals; then ſince they have credited me long, and I have had ſo little a care to pay them, I doubt now they will revenge themſelves, and paſs againſt me in the Verdict. Nay (quoth the Judge) rather will they hold on your part; for if they be honeſt wiſe men (as they ſeem to be) they will be careful of your preferment, ſeeing the more highly you are advanc'd, the more they are like to come by their own: if therefore you can object no other points of Diſhoneſty againſt them, I ſee no reaſon why they ſhould be put by. If you do not? (quoth Sir *John*) I do, and I will prove them unfit to have any dealings here; and firſt for the *Butcher*:

The

The Knavery of the Butcher.

I pray you Goodman Kill-Calf, what havock play you with puffing up of meat, and blowing with your Pricker as you flay it? have you not your artificial Knaveries to ſet out your meat with pricks, and then ſwear he hath more for money than ever you bought: to ſell a piece of an old Cow, for a chop of young Ox; to waſh your old meat that hath hung waltring in the ſhop, with new blood, to truſs away an old Ewe, inſtead of a young Weather: and although you know it is hurtful, and forbidden by the Statutes to flay your Hides, skins, backs,

with cuts and flaſhes, to the impoveriſhing of the poor Shoemaker when he buyes it: yet I pray you how many ſlaughters do you make in a poor Calves skin? Oh Butcher, a long Lent be your puniſhment: for you make no Conſcience in deceiving the poor.

The Knavery of the Brewer.

And you Brewer, that grow to be worth forty thouſand pounds by ſelling of ſodden water, what ſubtilty have you in making your Beer, to ſpare the Malt, and put in more of the hop to make your drink (be Barly never ſo cheap) not a whit the ſtronger, and yet ſell never a whit the more meaſure for money; you can, when you have taken all the heart of the Malt away, then clap on ſtore of water; 'tis cheap enough, and maſh out a tunning of ſmall Beer, that it ſcours a mans maw like Rheniſh wine; in your Conſcience how many Barrels draw you out of a quarter of Malt? fie, fie, I conceal your falſhood, leſt I ſhould be too broad in ſetting down your faults.

The

The Knavery of the Baker.

And for you, Goodman Baker, you that love to be ſeen in the open Market-place upon the Pillory, the world cryes out of your wilineſs, you crave but one dear year to make your Daughter a Gentlewoman: you buy your Corn at the beſt hand, and yet will not be content to make your bread weight by many ounces: you put in Yeſt, and Salt, to make it heavy, and yet all your policy cannot make it, but you fine for the Pillory. The poor cry out, the rich find fault, and the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, like Honourable and Worſhipful Magiſtrates, every day walk abroad, and weigh your Bread, and all will not ſerve to make you honeſt men: but were extremity

uſed, and the Statute put in the higheſt degree in practiſe, you would have as few ears of your heads, as the Collier.

The Knavery of the Tapſters.

Laſt to you, *Tom Tapſter*, that tap your ſmall cans of Beer to the poor, and yet fill them half full of froth, that card your Beer (if you ſee your Gueſts begin to be drunk) half ſmall, and ſtrong; you cannot be content to pinch them with your ſmall pots, and your Oſtry Faggots; but have your Truggs, to draw men on to Villany, and to bring Cuſtomers to your houſe, where you ſell a joint of meat for twelve pence, that coſt you ſcarce ſix: and if any chance to go on the ſcore, you ſcore him, when he is aſleep, and ſet up a Groat a day more than he hath, to find you drinking pots with your Companions. To be ſhort, thou art a Knave, and I like not of any of the reſt, the way lies before you, and therefore you may be gone, for you ſhall be none of the Queſt.

The Judge hearing this ſmiled and ſaid, I ſee Rogues among themſelves can never agree, as the Judge was thus ſpeaking, Sir *John* ſaw five fat Fellows, all in Damask Coats, and Gowns welted with Velvet, very

ry brave, and in great conſultation, as if they were to determine of ſome weighty matter. Drawing near, he ſaw they were wealthy Citizens: ſo he went, and reverently ſaluted them, and told them how he needed their aid, about his Jury; they were contented; but the Judge excepted againſt four of them, and ſaid, they were none of his friends; that was the Merchant, Goldſmith, Mercer, and Draper. His allegations were theſe, that they were all feathered of one wing, to fetch in young Gentlemen by commodities, under the colour of lending of money.

The Knavery of the Merchant.

For the Merchant, he delivered Iron, Tin, Lead, Hops, Sugars, Spices, Oyls, brown Paper, or whatſoever elſe, from ſix months to ſix months; which when the poor Gentleman came to ſell again, he could not make threeſcore and ten in the hundred, beſide the uſury.

The Knavery of the Mercer.

The Mercer, he followeth the young upſtart Gentleman, that hath no Government of himſelf, and he feedeth his humour to go

go brave; he ſhall not want Silks, Sattins, Velvets, to prank abroad in his pomp, but with this proviſo, that he muſt bind over his Land in a Statute-Merchant, or Staple; and ſo at laſt forfeit all unto the mercileſs Mercer, and leave himſelf never a foot of ground in England; which is the reaſon, that for a few remnants of Velvets, and Silks, the Mercer creepeth into whole Lordſhips.

The Knavery of the Goldſmith.

The Goldſmith is not behind; for moſt of them deal with Uſury, and let young Gentlemen have Commodities of Plate, for ten in the hundred, but they muſt loſe the faſhion in ſelling it again (which cuts them ſore) beſide, they are moſt of them skill'd in Alcumie, and can temper mettals ſhroudly, with no little profit to themſelves, and diſadvantage to the buyer; beſide, puft rings and quaint conceits which I omit.

The Knavery of the Draper.

And for you *Draper*, he fetcheth them off for Liverie Cloth, and Cloth for ſix months and ſix, and yet hath he more knacks in his budget; for he hath ſo dark a ſhop, that no

man can well chuſe a piece of Cloth, it ſo ſhadows the Dye and the Thred, a man ſhall be deceived in the wool and the nap, they cauſe the Cloth-worker ſo to preſs them; beſide, he impoſeth this charge to the Cloth-worker, that he draw his Cloth, and pull it paſſing hard when he ſets it upon the Tenters, that he may have it full breadth and length, till thread and all tear and rent a pieces: what care they for that? have they not a Drawer to ſerve their turn; to draw and ſeam up the holes ſo cunningly, that it ſhall never be eſpyed? My ſelf hath ſeen in one broad Cloth eighteen ſcore holes torn, rackt and pull'd by the Cloth-worker only to pleaſe the Draper, and deceive the Commonwealth. To be ſhort, the Cloth-worker, what with rowing and ſetting on a fine nap, with powdring it and preſſing it, with ſheering the wool to the proof of the thread, deal ſo cunningly, that they prove themſelves the Drapers Miniſters to execute his ſubtilties: therefore if he chance to come, let him be remembred.

The Knavery of the Vintner.

And as for the *Vintner* I hold him to be as deceitful as any of the reſt; for he is a kind of Negromancer, for at midnight, when

all

all men are in bed, then he, forſooth, falls to his charms and ſpells, ſo that he tumbles one Hogshead into another, and can make a cup of Claret that hath loſt his colour, look high with a daſh of red wine at his pleaſure. If he hath a ſtrong Gaſcoin Wine for fear it ſhould make his gheſts too ſoon drunk, he can allay it with a ſmall Rochel Wine, he can cheriſh up white wine, with Sack; and perhaps if you bid him waſh the pot clean when he goes to draw you a quart of Wine, he will leave a little Water in the bottom, and then draw it full of wine. And what if he do? tis no harm, wine and water is good againſt the heat of the Liver. It were infinite to rehearſe the juggling of Vintners, the diſorder of their houſes, eſpecially of the perſons that frequent them and therefore ſeeing the Merchant, Goldſmith, Mercer and Draper be put by, the Vinter ſhall go with them for company.

As theſe were going away in a ſnuff, for being thus plainly taunted, Sir *John* ſaw a mad merry crew come leaping over the field as frolickly, as if they ought not all the world two pence; and drawing nearer he did perceive, that either Bottle Ale or Beer had made a fray with them; for the lifting of their feet ſhewed the lightneſs of their heads.

A Tantivee-Parſon.

The foremoſt was a plain Country Sir *John*, or Vicar, that proclaimed by the rednes of his Noſe, he did oftner go into the Alehouſe, than the Pulpit; and him Sir *John* asked what they were, and whether they were going? What are you, quoth the Prieſt, that ſtand by the high way to examine me and my friends? here's none in my Company, but are able to anſwer for themſelves, he ſeeing they were all ſet on a merry pin, told the cauſe, and ſaid, that he needed them to be of the Queſt. Marry (quoth Sir *John*) a good motion; know theſe all are my Pariſhioners, and we have been drinking with a poor man, and ſpending

ding our money with him; a neighbour of ours, that hath loſt a Cow. Now for our names, and our Trades, this is a Smith, the ſecond a Weaver, the third a Miller, the fourth a Cook; the fifth a Carpenter, the ſixth a Glover, the ſeventh a Pedlar, the eight a Tinkar, the ninth a Waterbearer; the tenth a Husbandman; the eleventh a Dyer, and the twelfth a Saylor, and I the Vicar or Parſon which you pleaſe to call me; How could you Sir, have a fitter Jury than me, and my Pariſhioners?

You are a little too brief (quoth Sir *John*) for you are a Fellow that raiſeth up new Schiſms, and Hereſies and Diviſions among your People, and the world was never in quiet, Devotion, Neighbourhood and Hoſpitality never flouriſhed in this Land ſince ſuch upſtart Boys, and ſhittle-witted Fools becam of the Miniſtry; you preach Faith, and ſay that doing of Alms is Papiſtry; but you have taught ſo long, *Fides ſolum juſtificat*, that you have preached good Works quite out of your Pariſh; a poor man ſhall aſſoon break his Neck as his Faſt at a rich mans door.

Alas Sir *John*, you are miſtaken, for, my friend, though indeed I am none of the beſt Scholars, yet I can read a Homily every *Sunday* and *Holiday*, and keep company with

with my Neighbors, and go to the Alehouſe with them, and if they be fallen out, ſpend my Money to make them friends; and on *Sundays* ſometime, if good Fellowſhip call me away, I ſay both Morning and Evening Prayer at once, and ſo let them have a whole Afternoon to play in. This is my Life, I ſpend my Living with my Pariſhioners; I ſeek to do all good, and I offer no man harm. Well (quoth Sir *John*) then I warrant thou art an honeſt Vicar, and therefore ſtand by, thou ſhalt be one of the Queſt.

No Cheat in the Smith's *Profeſſion.*

And as for you, *Smith*, I ſee no great fault in you; you earn your Living with the

the Sweat of your Brows, and there can be no great Knavery in you; only I would have you to mend your life for drinking, ſince you are never at quiet unleſs the Pot be ſtill at your Noſe.

The Knavery of the Weaver.

But you, *Weaver*, the Proverb puts you down for a crafty Knave, you can filch and ſteal almoſt as well as the *Taylor*; your Woof and Warp is ſo cunningly drawn out, that you plague the poor Countrey Huſwives for their Yarn, and dawb on ſo much Dregs, that you make it ſeem both well wrought, and to bear weight, when it is ſlenderly woven, and you have ſtollen a quarter of it from the poor Wife. Away, be packing, for you ſhall be caſhier'd.

The

The Miller and Weaver ſhake hands

What *Miller*, ſhake hands with your Brother the *Weaver* for Knavery; you can take Toll twice, and have falſe Hoppers to convey away the poor mans Meal: Be gone, I love not your duſty looks?

The Cheats of the Cooks.

And for Company, Goodman *Cook*, go with them; for you cozen the poor men and Countrey Termers with your filthy meat, you will buy of the worſt and cheapeſt, when it is bad enough for Dogs, and yet ſo powder it, and parboil it, that you will ſell it to ſome honeſt poor men, and that un-

unreaſonably too. If you leave any Meat over-night, you make a ſhift to heat it again the next day. Nay, if on the *Thurſday* at night there be any left, you make Pies of it on *Sunday* Morning, and almoſt, with your ſlovenly Knavery poiſon the poor people. To be ſhort, I brook you not, and therefore be walking.

For the *Carpenter*, *Glover*, and *Waterbearer*, the *Husbandman*, *Dier* and *Saylor*, ſince your Trades have but petty ſlights ſtand you with Mr. *Vicar*, you are like to help to give in the Verdict.

Tinkers *and* Pedlars *Knavery.*

But for the *Pedlar* and the *Tinker*, they are two notable Knaves, both of a hair, and

and both Couſin-germains to the Devil. For the *Tinker*, why he is a drowſie, bawdy, drunken Companion, that walks up and down with a Trugg after him, and in ſtopping one hole, makes three; and if in convenient place, he meets with one alone, perhaps rifles him or her of all that ever they have; a baſe Knave, without fear of God, or love to any one but his Whore, and to himſelf. The *Pedlar* as bad, or rather worſe, walketh the Countrey with his Doxy at the leaſt, if he have not too his Morts Dels, and *Autem Morts*; he paſſeth commonly through every pair of Stocks, either for his Drunkenneſs, or his Lechery. And beſide, it is reported you can lift or nip a Bung like a *quire Cove*; if you want pence, and that you carry your Pack but for a colour to ſhadow your other Villanies. Well, howſoever, you are both Knaves, and ſo be jogging. Well, at laſt, quoth the Judge, I ſuppoſe, Sir *John*, your Jury is almoſt full; I believe you want not above three or four perſons; look you yonder where they come to make up the Number; and they ſhould be men of good Diſpoſition, for they ſeem to be all Countrimen of *Utopia*. Aſſoon as they came cloſe, Sir *John* met them, and told them the Matter, and they were content to be of

the

the Jury. The one ſaid he was a Graſier, the other a Farmer, the other a Shepherd to them both. What think you of theſe three, quoth Sir *John*? Marry, ſaith the Judge, two of them are honeſt men, but the other is a baſe Knave; but 'tis no matter, ſhuffle him in amongſt the reſt. Nay, by your leave, quoth Mr. Attorney, I will ſhuffle out theſe two, for they are the very Cormorants of the Countrey, and devour the poor people with their monſtrous exaction.

The Cheats uſed by the Graſier.

And firſt I alledge againſt the *Graſier*, that he foreſtalleth Paſtures and Medow grounds for the feeding of his Cattel, and wringeth Leaſes of them out of poor mens hands; and in his buying of Cattel, he committeth great Uſury; for if it prove a wet year, then he maketh havock, and ſelleth dear; if it be a dry year, then he buyeth cheap, and yet having Paſture, keeps them till he may come to his own price; he knoweth as well as the Butcher by the feed of a Bullock, how much Tallow he will yield, what his Quarters will amount unto, what the Tanner will give for the Hide; Nay, what the Sowſe-wives were able to make of the Inwards; ſo that he ſells it ſo

dear to the Butcher, that he can ſcarce live of it; and therefore what ſubtilty the Butcher uſeth, cometh from the Graſier, ſo that I exempt him from the Queſt as a bad Member, and an ill Friend to Juſtice.

The Cheats uſed by the Farmer.

And for you Mr. *Farmer*, you know how through you covetous Landlords raiſe their Rents; for if a poor man have but a Plough-Land, if you ſee his Paſtures bear good Graſs, and his arable ground, good Corn, and that he proſpereth and goeth forward on it, and provideth and maintaineth his Wife and Servants honeſtly, then,

Invidus alterius rebus macreſcit opimis,
Vicinumque pecus grandius uber habet.

Then

Then ſtraight Envy pricks the *Farmer* forward, and he bids the Landlord far more than the poor man pays yearly for it; ſo that if it be a Tenant at will, he puts him out to beg in the Street; or when his Leaſe comes out, he overloads him in the Fine, and thus blood-ſucketh he the poor of his own private profit. Beſides, the baſe Chuff, if he ſees a forward Year, and that corn is like to be plenty, then he murmureth againſt God, and ſweareth and proteſteth he ſhall be undone, reſpecting more the filling of his own Coffers by a Dearth, than the profit of his Countrey by a general Plenty. Beſide, Sir, may it pleaſe you, when new Corn comes into the Market, who brings it in to relieve the State? Not your Maſterſhip, but the poor Husbandman, that wants Pence: For you keep it till the back end of the Year; nay, you have your Garners which have Corn of two or three Years old, upon hopes ſtill of a dear Year, rather letting the Weaſels eat it, than the poor ſhould have it at any reaſonable price. So that I conclude, You are a Cormorant of the Commonwealth, and a Wretch that lives of the ſpoil of the needie, and ſo I leave you to jet with the Grazier.

Shepherds honeſt men.

As for the *Shepherd*, unleſs it be that he killeth a Lamb now and then, and ſaies the Fox ſtole him, I know little Craft in his Budget, therefore let him be among the honeſt men of the Jurie.

Several

Several Citizens come to hear the Trial of Sir John Fraud.

Well ſaid Sir *John* to the Judge, here comes three or four Citizens, will any of theſe ſerve turn: I cannot tell (quoth the Judge) till I know their names and conditions. With that Sir *John* ſtept afore the company, and enquired what they were: the eldeſt of them being a grave Citizen, ſaid he was a Grocer, the reſt his good and honeſt Neighbours, a Chandler, a Haberdaſher, a Clothworker, and two ſtrangers, one a Wallon, the other a Dutchman. How like you theſe? (quoth Sir *John* to the Judge) I'le aſſure you, my Lord, theſe men are ſeen every *Sunday* in their Silks. I

marry (quoth the Judge) but they never get that Bravery with Honeſty; For the *Cloth-worker*, his Faults were laid open before, when we had the *Draper* in queſtion, and therefore let him be packing.

The Knavery of Chandlers.

For you *Chandler*, I like not your Tricks, you are too converſant with the Kitchen-ſtuff-wives; you, after your Wick or Snaft is ſtiffened, you dip it in filthy Droſs, and after give him a Coat of good Tallow, which makes the Candles drop and waſte away, to great hinderance of the poor Workmen that watch in the night. Beſide, you pinch in your weights, and have falſe meaſures, and many other Knaveries that I omit; but this be ſure, you ſhall not meddle in my Matter.

Neither the *Haberdaſher*, for he trims up old Felts, and makes them very fair to the eye, and faceth and edgeth them neatly, and then he turneth them away for good ones, and ſo abuſeth us with his Cozenage. Beſide, you buy gumm'd Taffata, wherewith you line Hats, that will ſtraight aſunder aſſoon as it comes to the heat of a mans Head. To be brief, I am not well skill'd in your Knaveries; but indeed you are too ſubtil for a Jury-man, and therefore you ſhall be none of the Jury.

The

The *Grocer* ſeems an honeſt man, and I am content to admit of him, only take this as a Caveat by the way, all Gentlemen here preſent, that you buy of the Garvellers of Spices, the Refuſe that they ſift from the Merchant, and that mix again, and ſell to your Cuſtomers. Beſides, in your beaten Spices, as in Pepper, you put in Bay-berries, and ſuch Droſs, and ſo wrong the poor; but theſe are ſlight Cauſes, and ſo overpaſs them, and vouchſafe you to be of the Queſt.

But I pray you, what be theſe two honeſt men The one (quoth the *Grocer?*) a *Dutchman*, and a Shoomaker; the other a *Frenchman*, and a Millener in St. *Martins*, and ſells Shirts, Bands, Bracelets, Jewels, and ſuch pretty Toys for Gentlewomen.

Oh, they be of Sir *John*'s Acquaintance, Upſtarts as well as he! that have brought with them Pride and Abuſes into *England*: But theſe we'l paſs, knowing they abuſe moſt Occupations, and they ſhall not be of the Queſt

Well (quoth Sir *John*) now I ſuppoſe the Jury is full, and we ſee no more coming; let us call them, and ſee how many we have.

The Jury being called over, two are wanting.

Immediately enters an Honeſt Bookſeller.

Aſſoon as Sir *John* had ſpoke the Word, there comes into the Court a *Book-ſeller*, a reputed very honeſt man indeed, and of a Gentile Profeſſion; aſſoon as ever the Judg perceived who he was, he commanded he ſhould be one of the Jury: With all my heart, ſaid the Priſoner at the Bar; for I know he is one that gives in his Verdict impartially; he is one that will act honeſtly (without fraud or deceit) and he is one that hath a good Report in *Utopia*; and ſo he was admitted as a Jury-man.

What is it not poſſible, quoth the Priſoner, to have one more to make up the four and twenty? as he was thus ſpeaking, he ſpied afar off, a certain kind of an overworn Gentle-

Gentleman, attired in Velvet and Sattin, but it was ſomewhat drop'd and greaſie, and Boots on his Legs, whoſe Soles waxed thin, and ſeem'd to complain of their Maſter, which treading Thrift under his feet, had brought them to that Conſumption; he walked not as other men, in the common beaten way, but came compaſſing *circum-circa*, as if we had been Devils, and he would draw a Circle about us, and at every third ſtep he looked back, as if he were afraid of a Bailiff or Sergeant.

After him followed two pert Appleſquires, the one had a Murrey Cloth Gown on, faced before with grey Coney, and laid thick on the ſleeves with Lace, which quaintly bare up, to ſhew his white Taffata Hoſe, and black Silk Stockings, a huge Ruff about his neck, wrapt on his great head like a wicker-cage, a little Hat, with brims like the wings of a Doublet, wherein he wore a Jewel of Glaſs, as broad as a great Seal. After him followed two Boys in Cloaks like Butterflies, carrying one of them his cutting Sword of Choler, the other his dancing Rapier of delight. His Comerade that bare him Company, was a jollie light timber'd Jack-a-napes, in a Sute of watchet Taffata, cut to the skin, with a Cloak all to bedawbed with coloured Lace; both he

and

and the gowned Brother ſeemed by their pace, as if they had ſome Suits to Moſieur *Boots*. At length coming near, Sir *John* could diſcern the firſt to be a Poet, the ſecond a Player, the third a Muſitian, *alias* the Uſher of a Dancing-School. Well met, Maſter Poet, quoth Sir *John*, and welcom you Friends alſo, though not ſo particularly known. So it is, though none of you three be Common-wealths men, yet upon urgent neceſſity, we muſt be forced to employ you. We have a Jury to be impannelled immediately, which one of you three muſt help to make up, even he which approves himſelf the honeſteſt man. They are all honeſt men, and good Fellows, quoth the Attorney, therefore it is no great matter whether of them we chuſe.

The Doctors doubt of that, quoth the Judge: and I am of a different opinion from you.

The Poet admited a Jury-man.

This firſt, whom by his careleſs ſlovenly gate, at firſt ſight I imagined to be a Poet, is a waſt-good, and an unthrift, that is born to make the Taverns rich, and himſelf a Beggar. If he have forty pounds in his purſe together, he puts it not to Uſury, neither buyes

buyes Land nor Merchandiſe with it, but goes to Wenches feeds on Capons, and ſpends ten Pounds on a Supper. Why, 'tis nothing, if his Plough goes, and his Inkhorn be clear. Take one of them worth twenty thouſand pound, and hang him. He is a King of his Pleaſure, and counts all other Boors and Peaſants; that though they have Money at command, yet know not like him how to domineer with it to any purpoſe as they ſhould. But to ſpeak plain, I think him an honeſt man, if he would but live within his compaſs, and generally no mans foe but his own, therefore I hold him quoth the Priſoner, fit to be of my Jury. Nay, quoth the Judge, I have more mind to theſe two; for this Poet is a proud fellow, that becauſe he hath a little wit in his Budget, will contemn and miſlike that which is Reaſon and Sence, and think we are beholden to him, if he do but beſtow a fair Look upon us.

Players

Players and Ushers of Dancing-Schools pretty honest men.

The Player and the Usher of the Dancing School are plain, honest, humble men that for a penny, or an old cast Suit of Apparrel, will do any thing. Quoth, the Recorder, you say Truth, they are but too humble; for they be so lowly, that they be base-minded; I mean, not in their looks, nor apparrel, for so they be Peacocks, and painted Asses, but in their course of Life: for they care not how they get crowns, I mean, how basely, so they have them; and yet of the two, I hold the Player to be the better Christian, although he is in his own imagination, too full of self-liking, and self-love, and is unfit to be of the Jury, though

conceal his faults & fopperies, in that I have been merry at his Sports, only this I muſt ſay, that plain Countrey Fellows they bring in as Clowns and Fools to laugh at in their Play, whereas they get by us, and of our Alms the proudeſt of them all doth live. Well, to be brief, let him trot to the Stage, for he ſhall be none of the Jury: And ſo you, Mr. Uſher of the Dancing-School, you are a leader into all Miſrule, you inſtruct Gentlemen to order their feet, when you drive them to miſorder their Manners; you are a bad fellow, that ſtand upon your Tricks and Capers, till you make young Gentlemen caper without your Lands. Why Sir, to be flat with you, you live by your Legs, as s Jugler by his hand; you are given over to the Pomps and Vanities of the world. And to be ſhort, you are a keeper of Miſrule, and a lewd fellow, and you ſhall be none of the Queſt. Why then, quoth the Judg, the Poet is he that muſt make up the four and twentieth; He and none but he.

The

The Names of the Jury to be impannelled.

1 Knight.
2 Eſquire.
3 Gentleman.
4 Prieſt.
5 Printer.
6 Bookſeller.
7 Grocer.
8 Skinner.
9 Dyer.
10 Pewterer.
11 Sadler.
12 Joyner.
13 Cutler.
14 Plaiſterer.
15 Saylor.
16 Ropemaker.
17 Smith.
18 Glover.
19 Husbandman.
20 Shepheard.
21 Waterman.
22 Waterbearer.
23 Bellowes-mender.
24 Poet.

Then the Judge calling them all together, he bade them lay their hands on the Book. And firſt he call'd the Knight, and after the reſt, as they followed in order; then he gave them the Charge, thus;

Worſhipful Sir, with the reſt of the Jury, whom we have elected of choice honeſt men, whoſe conſciences will deal uprightly in this Trial, you and the reſt of your Company are here upon your Oath, and Oaths, to inquire whether Sir *John Fraud* have deſerved Death, yea or no? If you find him Not guilty of thoſe crimes that are laid to his charge; then let him be ſet in his

his former Eſtate, and allow him reaſonable damages. Upon this they laid their hands upon the Book, and were ſworn, and departed to the ſcrutiny of the offender, by inquiry amongſt themſelves, not ſtirring out from the bar, but ſtraight returned, and the Knight for them as the foremoſt ſaid thus: So it is, that we have with equity and conſcience conſidered of the Priſoners Crimes, and have upon ſtrict examination found that he deſerves death; when the Forman had ſpake thoſe words, the Judge ſtood up, and pronounc'd this Sentence.

Sir *John Fraud*, you have been here indicted, arraigned and tryed for your Life, and the Jury (who have gone according to Evidence) have found you really Guilty of what hath been charg'd upon you; and therefore Your Sentence is,

That you ſhall be expelled all Kingdoms and Nations and Societies and Countreys for an hundred years, and when that time is expired, you ſhall be put to the ſevereſt Death, that can be thought on, or invented by poor, abuſed, wronged Citizens, Gentlemen, Yeomen, *and* Farmers.

The Priſoner left in the Executioners *hands.*

And ſo to conclude, the poor, condemned Priſoner was left to the Mercy of the Executioner.

FINIS.